



*S. Vander Gucht In. 1784*

FRIENDSHIP  
IN  
FASHION.  
A  
COMEDY.

By Mr. OTWAY.

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*Archilochum rabies armavit Iambo.*

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L O N D O N :

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M D C C X X X V I.



FRIDAY

1862





To the Right Honourable

*C H A R L E S,*

*Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,*

Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-  
Chamber.

*My Lord,*



OUR Lordship has so often  
and so highly obliged me, that  
I cannot but condemn my  
self for giving you a Trouble  
so impertinent as this is: Con-  
sidering how remiss I have been in my  
Respects to your Lordship, in that I  
have not waited on you so frequently

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

as the Duty I owe your Lordship, and my own Inclinations required; but the Circumstances of my Condition, whose daily Business must be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that Happiness. Be pleased then, my Lord, to accept this humble Dedication as an Instance of his Gratitude, who in a high measure owes his Well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordship will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for Succour unsuccessfully: I am sure I have Reason to acknowledge it. As for the unlucky Censures some have past on me for this Play, I hope your Lordship will believe I hardly deserve 'em. For to my best Remembrance, when first I was accus'd of the thing by some People of the World, who had perhaps as little Reason to think I could be guilty of it, as to believe themselves deserved it, I made it my Business to clear my self to your Lordship, whose good Opinion is dearer to me than any thing which my worst Enemies can wrong  
me

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

me of else; I hope I convinced your Lordship of my Innocence in the matter, which I would not have endeavour'd had it not been just. For, I thank my Stars, I know my self better than (for all the Threats some have been pleased to bestow upon me) to tell a Lye to save my Throat. Forgive me, my Lord, this Trouble, continue me in your Lordship's Favour and good Opinion, and accept of the Prayers and Well-wishes of

*Your most Humble, and*

*most Obliged Servant,*

THO. OTWAY.



# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *S M I T H*.

**H**OW hard a Task hath that poor Drudge of Stage,  
That strives to please in this fantastick Age?  
It is a thing so difficult to hit,  
That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit!  
Therefore our Author bid me plainly say,  
You must not look for any in his Play.  
I' th' next Place, Ladies, there's no Baudy in't;  
No, not so much as one well-meaning Hint;  
Nay more, 'twas written every Word, he says,  
On strictest Vigils, and on Fasting-Days,  
When he his Flesh to Penance did injoin,  
Nay took such Care to work it chaste and fine,  
He disciplin'd himself at ev'ry Line. }  
Then, Gentlemen, no Libel he intends,  
Tho' some have strove to wrong him with his Friends;  
And Poets have so very few of those,  
They'd need take care whose Favour 'tis they lose.  
Who'd be a Poet? Parents, all beware,  
Cherish and educate your Sons with Care:



## PROLOGUE.

*Breed 'em to wholesome Law, or give 'em Trades,  
Let 'em not follow th' Muses, they are Fades:  
How many very hopeful rising Cits  
Have we of late known spoil'd by turning Wits!  
Poets by Criticks are worse treated here,  
Than on the Bankside Butchers do a Fear.  
Faith, Sirs, be kind, since now his Time is come,  
When he must stand or fall as you shall doom:  
Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's Fair-Play for't,  
And he's content for one, to make you Sport.*



# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

|                           |                       |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Goodvile,</i>          | <i>Mr. Betterton.</i> |
| <i>Truman,</i>            | <i>Mr. Smith.</i>     |
| <i>Valentine,</i>         | <i>Mr. Harris.</i>    |
| <i>Sir Noble Clumsey,</i> | <i>Mr. Underhill.</i> |
| <i>Malagene,</i>          | <i>Mr. Leigh.</i>     |
| <i>Caper,</i>             | <i>Mr. Fevon.</i>     |
| <i>Saunter,</i>           | <i>Mr. Bowman.</i>    |

## W O M E N.

|                        |                      |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>Mrs. Goodvile,</i>  | <i>Mrs. Barrey.</i>  |
| <i>Victoria,</i>       | <i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>   |
| <i>Camilla,</i>        | <i>Mrs. Price.</i>   |
| <i>Lady Squeamish,</i> | <i>Mrs. Gawin.</i>   |
| <i>Lettice,</i>        | <i>Mrs. Seymour.</i> |
| <i>Bridget,</i>        | <i>Mrs. ———</i>      |





# *Friendship in Fashion.*

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## A C T I. S C E N E I.

---

S C E N E, *the Mall.*

*Truman reading a Billet, and Servant.*

T R U M A N.



N a Vizor, say you?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir, and as soon as she had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the Word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice, and away she hurry'd.

*Trum.* The Meaning of a Billet of this Nature without a Name is a Riddle to me.--- [*Re.ds.*

*You know me and see me often, I wish I may never see you more, except you know better where to place your Love, or I were able to govern mine: As you a e a Gentleman, burn this so soon as it comes to your Hands.---*  
Adieu.

Well, this can be no other than some stanch Virtue of Thirty five, that is just now fallen under the  
Tem-

Temptation; or, what is as bad, one of those cautious Dealers that never venture but in Masquerade, where they are sure to be wondrous kind, tho' they discover no more to the Lover than he has just Occasion to make use of.

*Enter Goodvile and Valentine.*

*Val. Truman,* Good-morrow; just out of your Lodgings? but that I know thee better, I should swear thou hadst resolv'd to spend this Day in Humiliation and Repentance for the Sins of the last.

*Good.* I beg your Pardon: Some Lady has taken up your Time. Thou canst no more rise in the Morning without a Wench, than thou canst go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman,* wilt thou never leave Whoring?

*Trum.* Peace, Matrimony, Peace --- speak more reverently of your dearly beloved Whoring. *Valentine,* he is the meer Spirit of Hypocrisy -- h'ad hardly been marry'd ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilst he debauch'd me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

*Val.* Truly, *Goodvile,* that was very civil, and may come to something ---- But, Gentlemen, it begins to grow late. Where shall we dine?

*Trum.* Where you will, I am indifferent.

*Good.* And I.

*Val.* I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins,* but ---

*Trum.* With whom?

*Val.* Why, your Cousin *Malagene Goodvile.*

*Good. Valentine,* thou art too much with that Fellow. 'Tis true indeed, he is some Relation to me, but 'tis such a lying Varlet, there is no enduring of him.

*V. l.* But Rogues and Fools are so very plenty, 'tis hard always to escape 'em.

*Trum.* Besides, he dares be no more a Friend than a Foe, he never speaks ill of any Man behind his



his Back, nor ill before his Face: He is a general Disperfer of nauseous Scandal, tho' it be of his own Mother or Sister, pr'ythee let's avoid him, if we can, to-day.

*Good.* 'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesome: as there is no Company so ill but he'll keep, so there's none so good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever seen you once, he'll be sure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be kept out of your Room, than you can keep him out of your Debt.

*Val.* He came where I was last Night, roaring drunk: swore Damn him, he had been with my Lord such-a-one, and had swallow'd three Quarts of Champaign for his Share; said he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc'd to promise him I would meet him to-Day, to get rid of him.

*Good.* Faith, Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my House; I have snubb'd him of late, and he'll hardly venture that Way so soon again: At Night I'll promise you good Company; my Wife (for I allow her for my own Sake what Freedom she pleases) has sent for the Fiddles to come.

*Trum.* *Goodvile*, if there be any such thing as Ease in Matrimony, thou hast it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon marry'd Men, that makes them as distinguishable from one of us, as your *Jews* are from the rest of Manhind.

*Good.* Oh there are Pleasures you dream not of; he is only confin'd by it that will be so: A Man may make his Condition as easy as he pleases----- Mine is such a fond wanton Ape, I never come home but she entertains me with fresh Kindness; and, *Jack*, when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miss'd an Opportunity, she stops a Gap well enough.

*Trum.*



*Trum.* There's no Condition so wretched but has its Reserve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of Doors, goes contentedly to his Kennel: Your Beggar, when he can get no better Lodging, knows his own warm Bush; and your marry'd Whore-master that misses of his Wench, goes honestly home, and there's Madam Wife --- But *Goodvile*, who are to be the Company at Night?

*Good.* In the first place my Cousin *Victoria*, your Idol, *Jack Truman*; then, Mr. *Valentine*, there will be the charming *Camilla*; and another that never fails upon such an Occasion, the unimitable Lady *Squeamish*.

*Trum.* That indeed is a worthy Person, a great Critick forsooth; one that Censures Plays, and takes it very ill she has none dedicated to her yet; a constant Frequenter of all Masquerades and Publick Meetings, a perfect Coquet, very affected, and something old.

*Val.* Discourses readily of all the Love-Intrigues of the Court and Town, a strange Admirer of Accomplishments and Good-breeding, as she calls it; a restless Dancer, one that by her Good-will would never be out of Motion.

*Trum.* How, *Valentine*! you were once a great Admirer there, have a care how you speak too harshly of your Mistress, tho' the Business be over. You stand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a Man of Principles.

*Good.* That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harass'd Stager has always some such testy Whore-master or another, whom she makes the best of her Despair withal; and after her being forsaken by half the Town besides, comforts herself in her Man of Principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: Gentlemen, you'll be sure to follow?

*Trum.* Sir, we'll not fail to wait on you.

[Exit *Goodvile*.  
Boy,

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Boy, is the Coach ready? *Valentine!* I have had the oddest Adventure this Morning --- ha --- *Malagene!*

*Enter Malagene.*

How came he hither?

*Mal.* *Jack Truman*, Monsieur *Valentine*, bon Jour --- Was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in --- ha?

*Val.* Yes, he parted hence but now.

*Mal.* Faith I'll tell you what, Gentlemen, *Goodvile's* a very honest Fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, tho' faith 'twas nothing of my seeking.

*Trum.* No, I'll be sworn for thee, thou lovest thy self better.

*Val.* Pray, what was the Matter, *Malagene*?

*Mal.* Why, I was advising him to look after things better at home: The Fellow has marry'd a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls, and give Entertainments. I was very free with him, and told him of it to the Purpose: For Faith I should be sorry to see any Ill come on't, very sorry.

*Trum.* But hark ye, *Malagene*, *Goodvile's* a sort of surly Companion, and apt to have so good an Opinion of himself, that he is able to manage Affairs without your Advice: He might have have been very severe with you upon this Occasion.

*Mal.* Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my Heart; that had been the way to have made a fine piece of Work on't indeed; hark ye, (under the Rose) he's sweetly fitted with my Cousin tho'.

*Val.* Pray, Sir, speak with more Respect: We are his Friends, and not prepar'd to relish any of your Satire at present,

*Mal.* O Lord, Sir, I beg your Pardon; you are a new Acquaintance there, I remember, and may design an Interest. Faith, *Ned*, if thou dost, I'll never be thy Hindrance, for all she's my Kinswoman.

*Trum.* The Rascal, if he had an Opportunity, would pimp for his Sister, tho' but for the bare Pleasure of telling it himself.

*Mal.*

*Mal.* Now when he comes home, she will be hanging about his Neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you shou'd go abroad, so soon, that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*; and his debauch'd Companion young *Va'entine*: But that I know you are a good Dear, I shou'd be apt to be jealous of you, that I shou'd, ha, ha.

*Trum.* Sir, you are very bold with our Characters, methinks.

*Mal.* I, shaw,! your Servant; sure, we that know one another may be free: You may say as much of me, if you please. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Business last Night? --ha.

*Trum.* Not a Word, I assure you, Sir. Pray, how was it? Pr'ythee, let him alone a little, *Va'entine*.

*Mal.* Why, coming out of *Chatelins* last Night (where it had cost me a Guinea Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which shall be nameless) just as I was getting into a Coach, who should come by but a blustering Fellow with a Woman in his Hand, and swore, Damn him, the Coach was for him; we had some Words, and he drew; with that I put by his Pass, clos'd with him, and threw up his Heels, took away *Toledo*, gave him two or three good Cuts over the Face, seiz'd upon *Damofel*, carry'd her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and just now sent her off. ----- Faith, amongst Friends, she was a Person of Quality, I'll tell you that.

*Trum.* What a Person of Quality at that Time o'th' Night, and on Foot too?

*Mal.* Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no notice on't.

*Val.* Oh, Sir, you may be sure we shall be very cautious of spreading any Secrets of yours of this Nature --- Lying Rakehell; the highest he ever arriv'd

at

at was a Baud, and she too banish'd him at last, because he boasted of her Favours.

*Mal.* Nay, not that I care very much neither; you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more than any one wou'd have done upon the same Occasion--- ha---

*Trum.* Doubtless, Sir, you were much in the Right. But, *Valentine*, we stay too long; 'tis time we were going.

*Mal.* What to Dinner? I'll make a third Man---- Where shall it be?

*Trum.* Sir, I am sorry we must beg your Excuse this Time, for we are both engag'd.

*Mal.* Whoo! pr'ythee that's all one, I am sure I know the Company; I'll go along at a venture.

*Val.* No, but *Malagene*, to make short of the Business, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneasy if you be there.

*Mal.* What's that to the purpose? --- I care as little for them as they do for me; tho' on my Word, Sparks, of honest Fellows, you keep the oddest Company, sometimes, that ever I knew.

*Trum.* But, Sir, we are resolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto, desire you would leave us to ourselves to-day.

*Mal.* No --- but I'll tell you, go along with me; I have discover'd a Treasure of pale Wine----- I'll assure you 'tis the same the King drinks of -- What say you, *Jack*? I am but for one Bottle or two; for Faith I have resolv'd to live sober for a Week.

*Trum.* Pr'ythee, Tormenter, leave us; do not I know the Wine that thou drink'st is as base as the Company thou keep'st? To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor must you go with us.

*Mal.* Why, if one shou'd ask the Question now, whither are you going? ha!

*Val.*

*Val.* How comes it *Malagene*, you are not with your two Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter*? -- you may be sure of them; they'll eat and drink, and go all over the World with you.

*Mal.* How canst thou think that I would keep such loathsome Company? a Brace of silly, talking, dancing, singing, Rascals; 'Tis true, I contracted an Acquaintance with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am out of Humour, love to laugh at and abuse 'em for an Hour or two---- but come what will on't, I am resolv'd to go along with you to-day.

*Trum.* Upon my Word, Sir, you can't ----- why should you make so many Difficulties with your Friends?

*Mal.* Whoo! pr'ythee leave fooling---- You would shake me off now, would you? But I know better things, --- the Sham won't pass upon me, Sir, it won't, look you.

*Trum.* Death, we must use him ill, or there is no getting rid of him. Not pass, Sir?

*Mal.* No, Sir.

*Trum.* Pray, Sir, leave us.

*Mal.* I shan't do't, Sir.

*Trum.* But you, must, Sir.

*Mal.* May be not, Sir.

*Trum.* I am going this Way.

[Walking off.]

*Mal.* So am I.

*Trum.* But, Sir, I must stay here a little longer.

*Mal.* With all my Heart; 'tis the same thing, I am not in haste.

*Val.* Have a care, *Malagene*, how you provoke *Truman*--- you'll run the hazard of a scurvy Beating, my Friend, if you do.

*Mal.* Beating; I am sorry, Sir, you know no better: Pox, I am used to serve him so, Man; let him alone, you shall see how I'll teize him. Hark you, *Jack*.

*Trum.*



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*Trum.* Sir, you are an impudent troublesome Coxcomb.

*Mal.* No matter for that, I shan't leave you.

*Trum.* Sir, I shall pull you by the Nose then.

*Mal.* 'Tis all one to me, do your worst.

*Trum.* Take that then, Sir, --- Now, d'ye hear---

[Tweaks him by the Nose.]

Go about your Business.

*Mal.* Nay, faith, *Jack*, now you drive the Jest too far; What a Pox, I know you are not in earnest; pr'ythee let's go.

*Trum.* Death, Sir, you lye; not in Earnest! ---- let this convince you--

[Kicks him.]

How like you the Jest now, Sir?

*Mal.* Hark you, *Truman*, we shan't dine together then, shall we?

*Val.* Faith, to tell you the Truth of the Matter, *Truman* had a Quarrel last Night, and we are just now going to make an end on't: 'Tis that makes him so surly. Nevertheless, now I think on't better, if you'll go, you shall; perhaps we may have Occasion for a third Man.

*Mal.* No, no, if that be the Business I'll say no more; puh --- I hate to press into any Man's Company against his Inclination. *Truman*, upon my Reputation you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porter's last Night, and lost my Money --- Pr'ythee lend me two Guineas till next Time I see thee, Child.

*Trum.* With all my Heart, Sir. I was sure 'twould come to this at last; 'tis here, you may command what you please from your Servant. *Malagene*, good-morrow.

*Enter Caper and Saunter.*

*Mal.* Dear *Jack Truman*, your humble. ---

[Exit Truman.]

*Val.* Won't you go along with us then, *Malagene*?

*Mal.* No, here are two silly Fellows coming; I'll go and divert my self a little with them at present.

*Val.*

*Val.* Why, those are the very People you rail'd at so but now : You will not leave us for them, at a Time when you may be so serviceable.

*Mal.* Hang't you'll have no Occasion for me, Man ; say no more on't, but take my Advice ; be sure you stand fast, don't give Ground, d'ye hear, push briskly, and I'll warrant you do your Business.

*Val.* Sir, I thank you for your Counsel, and am sorry we can't have your Company ; but you are engag'd.

*Mal.* Are you sure tho' it will come to fighting ? I have no mind to leave your Company, methinks.

*Val.* Nay, nothing so certain as that we shall fight ; I wish you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

*Mal.* A Pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet these People here, and can't avoid them now ; I'd go with you else with all my Heart, Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me send a Guard, I'll do't.

*Val.* No, Sir, ---- there's no Danger ---- nothing but the Rogue's Cowardise could have rid us of him.

[*Exit Val.*]

*Mal.* How now, Bullies, whither so fast this Morning ? I parted just now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine* : They would fain have had me to Dinner with them, but I was not in a Humour of Drinking, and to speak the Truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingross still all the Discourse to themselves : And a Man can never be free with them neither.

*Caper.* Oh Lord, *Malagene* ! we met the delicat'st Creature but now as we came round ; I am a Rascal, if I don't think her one of the finest Women in the World, I shan't get her out of my Mind this Month.

*Sann.* 'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfield's* Daughter, that came to Town last Summer when *Goodvile* was marry'd. He in love with her, poor Soul ! -- I shall beg his Pardon there, as I take it ---

[*Sings.*  
*A. A.*]

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*Mal.* That's *Truman's* Blowing : She's always lingering after him here, and at the Play-house : She heats her self here very Morning, against the general Course at Night, where she comes as constantly as my Lady *Squiamish* her self.

*Saun.* I vow that's a fine Person ; don't you think she has abundance of Wit, *Malagene*? She and I did so rally *Caper* t'other Day.

*Caper.* It may be so.

*Saun.* But did you never hear her sing? She made me sit with her till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian* Song.

I have, and I vow she sings it wonderfully.

*Mal.* Damn her, she's the most affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more than an old Kite does young Chickens : There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can escape he, we shall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight,

*Caper.* *Malagene*, thou art the most Satirical Thief breathing : I'd give any thing thou didst but love Dancing, that I might have thee on my Side sometimes.

*Saun.* Well, *Malagene*, I hope to see thee so in Love one Day, as to leave off Drinking, as I have done, and set up for a Shape and a Face : Or, what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in Love for all the World, I vow and swear.

[Walks up and down with an affected Motion.]

*Caper.* Nor I.

--- *Ab*, Phillis, if you would not love

*The Shepherd*, &c.

[Sings.]

But d'ye here, *Malagene*, they say *Goodvile* gives a Ball to-night, is't true?

*Mal.* Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

*Caper.* I am glad on't with all my Heart --- *Saunter* --- There's my Lady, to be sure she'll not fail.

*Saun.*

*Saun.* But will you go, *Malagene*? *Goodvile* and you are at a Distance.

*Mal.* Whoo! Pox that's nothing. I'll go for all that: But faith, I should meet my Lord--- at Court to-night. Besides, I have not been in the Drawing-Room these three Days: the Company will wonder what's become of me.

*Enter Lady Squeamish.*

She here! nay then---

*Caper.* Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

[*Congees affectedly.*]

*L. Squeam.* Mr. *Caper*, your most devoted----- Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*! a thousand Thanks to you for my Song.

*Saun.* Your Ladyship does your Servant too much Honour.

[*Sings, As Chloe full of, &c.*]

*L. Squeam.* Mr. *Caper*, you are a Stranger indeed, I have not seen you these two Days: Lord, where d'ye live?

*Caper.* I should have waited on your Ladyship, but was so tired at the Masquerade at my Lord *Flutter's* t'other Night.

[*Dances and capers.*]

*Saun.* Madam, Madam, Mr. *Goodvile* gives a Ball to-night: Will your Ladyship be there?

*L. Squeam.* Yes, I heard of it this Morning; *Victoria* sent me Word.

*Caper.* Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to-night: I hope I shall have the Honour of your Ladyship's Company.

*L. Squeam.* Oh, by all means: Mr. *Caper*, pray don't you fail us.

O Lord, Mr. *Malagene*, I beg your Pardon, upon my Honour I did not see you; I was so engag'd in the Civilities of these Gentlemen.

*Mal.* Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, must command the Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladyship see Mr. *Valentine*?

*L. Squeam.*

*L. Squeam.* Oh, name him not, Mr. *Malagene*, he's the unworthiest, basest Fellow --- besides he has no Principles nor Breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him Company, I'll swear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

*Mal.* The Truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him now and then, because the Fellow has some Wit, but it is when better Company is out of the Way: and faith he is always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

*L. Squeam.* O Lord, 'tis impossible. Wit! why, he was abroad but two Years, and all that time too in an Academy: he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the French Court, and has the worst Mien in the World: He has a sort of an ill-natur'd Way of Talking indeed, and, they say, makes bold with me sometimes, but I'll assure you I scorn him.

*Mal.* Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is foully bely'd: Ha, ha, ha.

*L. Squeam.* They say he's grown a great Admirer of Madam *Camilla* of late, who passes for a Wit forsooth. 'Tis true she's well enough, but I suppose is not the first that has been troubled with his impertinent Addresses.

*Mal.* Indeed he would not let me alone, till I brought him acquainted there: He owes that Happiness to me. But methinks your Ladyship speaks with something of Heat---By Heav'n she's jealous.

[*Aside.*]

*L. Squeam.* No, I assure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the least

But did you ever hear 'em discounte any thing of me?

*Mal.* Never any Ill, Madam, only a little idle Raillery now and then: but *Truman* and he are wont to be something lavish when they have been drunk in my Company---'Twill work. [*Aside.*]

*L. Squeam.* Nay, I know he has spoken dishonourably



ably of me behind my Back, because he fail'd in his filthy Designs. Madam *Camilla* may deserve better of him, I doubt not: But if I am not reveng'd on his Falshood

[*Aside.*

--- Mr. *Caper*.

*Caper.* } Madam.  
*Saun.* }

*L. Squeam.* Where do you go to-day?

*Caper.* Will your Ladyship be at the new Play?

*L. Squeam.* No, I saw it the first Day, and don't like it.

*Mal.* Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

*L. Squeam.* O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'll assure you there's nothing in it that's moving.

I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

*Saun.* Does your Ladyship know who writ it?

*L. Squeam.* Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings; he is but a young Man, and I suppose he has not been a Writer long; besides he has had little or no Conversation with the Court, which has been the Reason he has committed a great many Indecorums in the Conduct of it.

*Saun.* I did not like it neither for my part; there was never a Song in it, ha!

*Caper.* No; nor so much as a Dance.

*Mal.* Oh, 'tis impossible it shou'd take, if there were neither Song nor Dance in it.

*L. Squeam.* And then their Comedies now-a-days are the filthiest Things, full of bawdy and nauseous Doings, which they mistake for Raillery and Intrigue: Besides, they have no Wit in 'em neither; for all their Gentlemen and Men of Wit, as they style 'em, are either silly, conceited impudent Coxcombs, or else rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows--- fough--- I am ashamed any one should pretend to write a Comedy,  
that

that does not know the nicer Rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that pass, I vow.

*Mal.* Who would improve those Things, must consult with your Ladyship.

*L. Squeam.* I swear, Mr. *Malagene*, you are an obliging Person: I wonder the World should be so malicious to give you so undeserving a Character as they do: I always found you extremely generous, and a Person of Worth.

*Mal.* In truth, Madam, your Ladyship and my self are the Subjects of Abundance of Envy; for I love to be malicious now and then, and, faith, am the very Scourge of the Court; they all stand in Awe of me, for I must speak what I know, tho' sometimes I am used a little scurvily for it? but faith I can't help it, 'tis my Way.

*L. Squeam.* Ha, ha, ha, really I love Scandal extremely too sometimes, so it bedecently manag'd - But as I was saying, there is not a Person in the World understands the Intrigues of the Court better than my self; I am the general Confident of the Drawing-Room, and know the Loves of all the People of Quality in Town.

*Caper.* Dear Madam, how stands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lofly*?

*L. Squeam.* Worse than ever; 'tis very provoking to see how she uses the poor Creature: But the Truth is, she can never be at rest for him; he's more troublesome than an old Husband, continually whispering his Softness, and making his Vows, till at last she is forc'd to fly to me for Shelter, and then we do so laugh --- which the good-natur'd Creature takes so patiently --- I swear, I p'ty him.

*Saun.* But my Lady *Colt*, they say, is kinder to the Sparkish Mr. *Pruneit*.

*L. Squeam.* O Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you should understand no better; to my Knowledge it is all false; I know all that Intrigue from the Beginning to the  
B Ending,

Ending, it has been off this Month-- besides, he keeps a Player again--- Oh, Mr. *Saunter*: whatever you do, never concern your self with those Players.

*Saun.* Madam, I have left the Folly long since; when first I came to Town, I must confess I had a Gallantry there; But since I have been acquainted with your Ladyship's Wit and Beauty, I have learn'd to lay out my Heart to better Advantage---- I think that was finely said,

*L. Squeam.* I swear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the most court-like Way of expressing your self---

*Saun.* Oh Lord, Madam! [*Bows and cringes.*]

*L. Squeam.* Mr. *Malagene*, these are both my intimate Acquaintance, and I'll swear I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* sings the *French* Manner better than ever I heard any *English* Gentleman in my Life; Besides, he pronounces his *English* in singing with a *French* kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a strange Beauty-- Sweet Sir, do me the Favour of the last new Song.

*Saun.* Let me die; your Ladyship obliges me beyond Expression --- *Malagene*, thou shalt hear me.

[*Sings a Song in a French Tone,*

*Mal.* What a Devil was this? I understand not a Word on't.

*Saun.* Ha, *Malagene*, ha.

*L. Squeam.* Did you ever hear any thing so fine?

*Mal.* Never, Madam never; I'll swear your Ladyship is a great Judge.

*L. Squeam.* But how plain and distinctly too every Word was pronounc'd!

*Mal.* Oh, to Admiration, to Admiration.

[*Makes Mouths aside.*]

*L. Squeam.* Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature ----- O sad, Mr. *Caper*, I long till Night comes: I'll dance with Nobody but you to-Night, for I swear I believe I shall be out of Humour.

*Mal.* That's more than ever she was in her Life,

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so long as she had a Fool or a Fiddle in her Company.

*L. Squeam.* Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately ——— But now you talk of Intrigues, I am mistaken if you don't see Something where we are going to-night.

*Mal.* What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not so?

*L. Squeam.* Oh, fy, Mr. *Malagene*, fy: I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk so strangely ——— but let me die, I can't but laugh — ha, ha, ha, ——— Well, Gentlemen, you shall dine with me to-day ——— What say you, Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

*Mal.* Your Ladyship may be sure of me, I hate to break good Company.

*L. Squeam.* And pray now let us be very severe, and talk maliciously of all the Town. Mr. *Caper*, your Hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how shall I divide my self ——— I'll swear I am strangely at a loss ——— Mr. *Malagene*, you must be Mr. *Saunter's* Mistress I think at present.

*Mal.* With all my Heart, Madam ——— Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, your Hand: I swear you are a charming Creature, and your Courtship is as extraordinary as your Voice. — Let me die, and I vow I must have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humorous and very whimsical I think: ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*]



B 2

A C T



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *the Ordinary.**Enter Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice.**Mrs. Good.* DID you deliver the Billet?*Let.* Yes, Madam, faithfully.*Mrs. Good.* But are you sure you did?*Let.* Can your Ladyship think I would be guilty of the least Neglect in a Concern of such Moment?*Mrs. Good.* And are you sure he dines here to-day?*Let.* Madam, they are now at Dinner here below: Mr. *Valentine's* there too. Oh, I'll swear he's a fine Man, the most courteous Person.*Mrs. Good.* What, because he hunts and kisses you when he's drunk? No, *Lettice, Truman, Truman*, Oh that *Truman*!*Let.* I wonder your Ladyship should be so taken with him: were I to chuse, I should think my Master the more agreeable Man.*Mrs. Good.* And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Husband as one would wish: I have not seen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he sneaks to his separate Bed, where he lies till Afternoon, then rises and out again upon his Parole; Flesh and Blood can't endure it.*Let.* But he always visits your Ladyship first.*Mrs. Good.* That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very respectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what Freedom I can desire, but God knows that's all.*Let.* And where's the Pleasure of going abroad and getting a Stomach, to return and starve at home?*Mrs.*



*Mrs. Good.* I laugh to think what an easy Fool he believes me ; he thinks me the most contented, innocent, harmless Turtle breathing, the very Pattern of Patience.

*Let.* A Jewel of a Wife.

*Mrs. Good.* And as blind with Love, as his own good Opinion of himself has made him.

*Let.* And can you find in your Heart to wrong so good a natur'd, complete, well-meaning, harmless Husband, that has so good an Opinion of you?

*Mrs. Good.* Ha, wrong him, what say you, *Lettice*? I wrong my Husband! such another Word forfeits my good Opinion of thee for ever.

*Let.* What meant the Billet to Mr. *Truman* then this Morning?

*Mrs. Good.* To make him my Friend perhaps, and discover if I can, who it is that wrongs me in my Husband's Affection; for I am sure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deserves no better than ordinary of me, if the Truth were known.

*Let.* Why, she is his near Kinswoman, and lives here in the House with you ; besides, he would never dishonour his own Family surely.

*Mrs. Good.* You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the Nearness of Blood is the least Thing considered. Besides, as I have heard, 'tis almost the only Way Relations care to be kind to one another now-a-days.

*Let.* Yes, Madam, you never meet but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the Joys of Love about you. Lord! how can you dissemble with him so? Besides, Mr. *Truman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh, if I would ever consent to wrong my Husband (which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice*!) it should be, to chuse, with his Friend. For such a one has a double Obligation to Secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'll swear, *Lettice*, you are an

idle Girl for talking so much of this, that you are : 'Tis enough to put ill Thoughts into one's Head, which I am the most averse to of all things in the World.

*Let.* But, Madam, Thoughts are free, and it is as hard not to think a little idly sometimes, as it is to be always in Good-humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. *Truman* should be in love with Madam *Victoria*, if all be real which your Ladyship suspects.

*Mrs. Good.* Ay, and with a Design of Marriage too : But a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his Experience to doubt his Security in a Wife, as Success in a Mistress.

*Let.* Besides, after a little time, he is so very industrious in cuckolding others, that he never dreams how swimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

*Enter Victoria.*

*Mrs. Good.* But hush--- she's here.

*Vict.* A happy Day to you, Madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Dear Cousin, your humble Servant : Have you heard who are below ?

*Vict.* Yes, young *Truman*, and his inseparable Companion *Valentine*.

*Mrs. Good.* Well, what will you do, Cousin ? *Truman* comes resolv'd on Conquest ; for with the Advantages he has in your Heart already, 'tis impossible you should be able to hold out against him.

*Vict.* Yes, powerful Champaign, as they call it, may do much ; a Spark can no more refrain running into Love after a Bottle, than a drunken Country Vicar can avoid disputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows stronger than his Reason.

*Mrs. Good.* Come, come, dissemble your Inclinations as artfully as you please, I am sure they are not so indifferent but they may be easily discerned.

*Vict.* Truly, Madam, you may be mistaken in your Guess.

*Mrs. Good.* How ! I doubt it is some other Man then has caused this Alteration in you — Lord, *Lettice*,

is she not extremely alter'd?

*Vict.* Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

*Mrs. Good.* Nay *Lettice*, fetch a Glass, and let her see herself: Lord, you are paler than you use to be.

*Let.* Ay, and then that Blueness under the Eyes.

*Mrs. Good.* Besides, you are not so lively as I have known you: Pardon me, Cousin.

*Let.* Well if there be a Fault, Marriage will cure all.

*Vict.* I'll assure you, I have none that I know of stands in need of so desperate a Remedy. Marriage? Fault! What can all this tend to?

*Enter Page.*

*Mrs. Good.* Well, what now?

*Page.* Madam *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladyship.

*Mrs. Good.* Ha, *Camilla*! Tell her I'll attend her: Won't you go with me, *Victoria*?

*Vict.* I'll but step into my Chamber, and follow you instantly. [*Ex. Mrs. Good. and Page.*]  
Whither can all this drive? Surely she has discovered something of *Goodvile's* Love and mine: If she has, I am ruin'd.

*Enter Goodvile.*

*Good. Victoria!* your Cousin is not here, is she? What, in Clouds? I stole this Minute from my Friends on purpose to see thee, and must not I have a Look? not a Word?

*Vict.* Oh, I am ruin'd and lost for ever. I fear your Wife has had some knowledge of our Loves: And if it be so, what will then become of me?

*Good.* Prithee no more: My Wife! she has too good an Opinion of her self, to have an ill one of me; and would as soon believe her Glass could flatter her, as I be false to her: My Wife! ha, ha.

*Vict.* Yes, I am sure it must be so; it can be no other-wise: But you are satisfy'd, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miserable.

*Good.* Leave thee! By Heav'n I'd sooner renounce my Family, and own my self the Bastard of a Rascal: Come, quiet thy Doubts; *Truman* is here; and take my Love for thy Security, he shall be thine to Night.

*Vict.* I have no great Reason to expect it indeed, that you would hazard your Interest in so good a Friend for the Reparation of my Honour, that so little concerns you, and which you have already made your best of.

*Good.* No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deserve it, by doing thee that Justice which I am incapable of.

*Vict.* You can promise easily.

*Good.* Ay, and as resolutely perform: When I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

*Enter Mrs. Goodvile.*

Ha, she here!

*Mrs. Good.* So, so, Mr. *Goodvile*, are you there indeed? I thought I should catch you.

*Good.* Faith, my Dear, I have been speaking a good Word for *Jack Truman*; my Cousin *Victoria*'s too cruel.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh fy, *Victoria*! Can you be so hard-hearted to deny any thing, when Mr. *Goodvile* is an Advocate?

*Vict.* I must confess it with some difficulty; but should I too easily comply upon Mr. *Goodvile*'s Intercession, who knows but your Ladyship might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may presume there's hopes for himself.

*Mrs. Good.* Ay, but Cousin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, tho' but in regard of that, do me such Injury: Besides, Mr. *Goodvile* knows I dare trust him. Don't you, Love?

*Good.* Trust me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one---  
Credulous Innocence! [*Aside.*

Alas, my Dear, were I as false as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would shame me into Honesty.

*Enter*

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*Enter Camilla running and squeaking; Truman and Valentine after her.*

*Cam.* For Heaven's sake, Madam, save me! -----  
*Mr. Goodville,* 'tis safer travelling thro' the Desarts of *Arabia*, than eat'ring your House: Had I not ran hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

*Val.* Oh, Madam, are you herded? It will be to little purpose, I am stanch, and never change my Game.

*Cam.* But when you have lost it, if fresh start up, you can be as fully satisfied, who hunt more for the love of the Sport, than for the sake of the Prey.

*Val.* But Madam, should you chance to be taken, look to't; for I shall touze and worry you most unmercifully, till I have reveng'd my self severely, for the pains you cost me catching.

*Cam.* Therefore I am resolved to keep out of your reach; Lord! what would become of such a poor little Creature as I am, in the Paws of so ravenous an Animal?

*Trum.* But are you too, Lady, so wild as Mrs. *Camilla*?

*Vis.* Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not so unmerciful as Mr. *Valentine*.

*Trum.* No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as soft and pliant as your Pillow; you may mould me to your own ease and pleasure, which way you will.

*Vis.* 'Tis strange two of such different Tempers should so well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory tory Sparks as one would wish to meet withal.

*Val.* Yes, Madam, as the Playhouse in a Vizor, when you come drest and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimously modish and impertinent as the pertest Coxcombs of 'em all, till, like them too, we lose our Hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

*Cam.* But the comfort is, you are sure to find 'em again.



again in the next Bottle.

*Mrs. Good.* Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths, they are as well at ease as ever they were.

*Trum.* Why, you would not be so unconscionable as to have us two such whining crop-sick Lovers, as sigh away their Hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be sung about the Town by Fools and Bullies, in Taverns.

*Good.* Till some *Smithfield* Doggrel taking the hint, swells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Chloris* dwindles into a Kitchen Wench.

*Vict.* 'Tis presum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our Perfections.

*Cam.* As if the only way to raise a good Opinion of your selves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

*Trum.* Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard World; and when Beauty is held at so dear a rate, 'tis the best way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

*Val.* But you shall find, Ladies, we'll bid like Chapmen for all that.

*Vict.* You had best have a care tho', lest you over-reach your selves, and repent of your Purchase when 'tis too late.

*Cam.* Besides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine; for the Love it raises is generally like the Courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very short-liv'd.

*Good.* How, Madam! have a care what you say; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that speak against it forfeit their Charter. I must not have my Favourite traduc'd.

Boy, bring some Wine, you shall prove its good effects and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'll drink----

*Cam.* Till your Brains are afloat, and all the rest sink.

*Val.* I find then, Ladies, you have the like Opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

*Cam.*

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*Cam.* Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

*Trum.* But if your Ladyship should be in the wrong---  
Tho' Love, like Wine, be a good Refresher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too busy withal. And tho' now and then I may over-heat my Head with Drinking; yet confound me, I think I shall have a care never to break my Heart with Loving.

*Mrs. Good.* But, Sir, if all Men were of your cruel Temper, what would become of those tender-hearted Creatures that cannot forbear saluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, tho' it comes without a Name, and makes you as unsatisfy'd as they poor Creatures are themselves?

*Trum.* Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sot that I was, not to be sensible it must be she, and none but she, could send mine this Morning. Well poor *Jack Truman*, look to thy self, Snares are laid for thee; ---but the Virtuous must suffer Temptation: And Heav'n knows all Flesh is frail. [Aside.]

*Enter Boy with Wine.*

*Good.* Now Boy, fill the Glasses. But before we proceed, one thing is to be consider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this Day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do seven Years hence; But at Night---

*Val.* A very fair Proposal.

*Mr. Good.* Agreed, Sir, if you will have it so.

*Good.* The Wine---now each Man to his Post.

[*They separate, Good. to Cam. Val. to Vict. Truman. to Mrs. Goodvile.*]

The Word.

[*All take Glasses.*]

*Trum.* Love and Wine.

*Good.* Pafs-----

[*They drink.*]

*Enter Lettice.*

Now that Nothing may be wanting, *Lettice*, you must sing the Song I brought home t'other Morning; for Musick is as great an Encouragement to Drinking, as Fighting. *Let.*

*Lettice sings.*

*How bless'd he appears,  
That revels and loves out his happy Years;  
That fiercely spurs on till he finish his Race,  
And knowing Life's short, chuses living apace!  
To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it;  
Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.*

II.

*Each day we grow older;  
But as Fate approaches, the Brave still are bolder;  
The Joys of Love with our Youth slide away,  
But yet there are Pleasures that never decay:  
When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow cold,  
Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when w'are ol'.*

*Good.* So, now shew me an Enemy to divine harmonious Drinking!

*Boy.* Sir, my Lady *Squeamish* is below, just alighted out of her Coach.

*Good.* Nay then Drinking will have the major Vote against it: She is the most exact Observer of Decorums and Decency alive. But she is not alone, I hope.

*Boy.* No Sir, there is Mr *Malagene* with her, and three more Gentlemen; one they call Sir *Noble Clumsy*, a full portly Gentleman.

*Tram.* That's a hopeful Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair Estate, and her Kinsman, newly come up to Town, whom her Ladyship has undertaken to polish and make a fine Gentleman.

*Val.* 'Tis such a fulsom overgrown Rogue! yet hope's to be a fine Spark, and a very courtly Youth; he has been this half Year endeavouring at a Shape; which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other, I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. *Caper*, and his polite Companion Mr. *Saunter*.

*Good.*

*Good.* She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her heels; and we may know as well when she is near by the Noise her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the new-fangled Gingle of his Coach. She comes---- and wo be to the Wretch whom she first lights upon.

*Enter L. Squeamish, Sir Noble Clumsey, Malag.*

*Caper, and Saunter.*

*L. Squeam.* Dear Madam Goodvile, ten thousand Happinesses wait on you! Fair Madam *Victoria*, sweet charming *Camilla*, which way shall I express my Service to you?----Cousin, your honour, your honour to the Ladies.

*Clum.* Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I salute you all: And, Gallants, I am your most humble, most obliged, and most devoted Servant.—— That I learn'd at the end of an Epistle Dedicatory.

*Good.* Sir Noble *Clumsey* is too great a Courtier.

*Clum.* Yes, Sir, I can compliment upon an Occasion; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

*L. Squeam.* Gallants, you must pardon my Cousin here, he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Conversation but what I have had the honour to instruct him in.

*Mal.* But let me tell you, he is a Man of Parts, and one that I respect and honour: Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

*Val.* Hark you *Malagene*, how durst you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care so little for your Company?

*Mal.* O Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I guess'd this was the Duel you were going about: I should not have left you else, faith, *Ned*, I should not.

*Good.* But Madam, can the worthy Knight your Kinsman drink? What think you, Sir Noble, of the Ladies Healths?

*Clum.*

*Clum.* In a Glass of small Beer, if you please.

*L. Squeam.* Oh sweet Mr. *Goodvile*, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'll swear, I am so afraid he should spoil himself with Drinking. Lord, how I should loath a Fellow with a red Nose!

*Mal.* See, *Truman*, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Mistresses.

*Trum.* Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em: a Woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb sometimes as naturally, as with a Lap Dog; and I could no more be jealous of one than of the other.

*Val.* I am not of your Opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em sport: And the Familiarity of Fools proceeds oftentimes from a Privilege we are not aware of. For my part, I shall make bold to divert.—Mr. *Sawster*, a word: Have you any Pretences with that Lady? hah!

*Saun.* Some small Encouragem nt I have had, Sir; but I never make my boast of those Favours, never.

*Val.* No, Sir, 'twere not your best course.

*Saun.* Oh Lord, you are pleased to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that. ---- Sings, ---- *Would Phillis be mine, and for, &c.*

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Madam, the Fiddles are below; shall I call 'em up?

*Mrs. Good.* No, let 'em stay a little, we'll dance below.

*Caper.* Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you?

[*Cap. capers.*]

*Boy.* Here, Sir.

*Caper.* Have you brought my Dancing-shoes?

*Boy.* No, Sir, you gave me no order: But your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

*Caper.* Rascal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-shoes? *Sirrah*, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off



off both your Ears, and have 'em fasten'd to the Heels of those I have on.

*Trum.* It is an unpardonable Fault, Sir, that your Boy should forget your Dancing-shoes.

*Caper.* Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no sense; I must get rid of him as soon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of Shoes that we commonly wear, than I would ride a Race in a pair of Gambado's.

*L. Squeam.* Mr. *Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman, than to leave his Mistress for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a Love between you and Madam *Camilla*? Thou Monster of Perjury. [To Val.

*Val.* Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is abundance of Love on my side, but I can find very little on hers: If your Ladyship would but stand my Friend upon this occasion----I think this is civil.

*L. Squeam.* I'll swear, Sir, you are a most obliging Person---- Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has desired me to be his Advocate: Who could withstand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mien, besides a thousand Graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla*! guard, guard your Heart; but I'll swear, if it were my own case, I doubt I should not----- ha, ha, ha!

*Val.* Madam? what means all this?

*Good.* Poor *Ned Valentine*!

*Trum.* 'Tis but what I told him he must look for; but stay there is more yet coming.

*L. Squeam.* Nay, this is not half what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worse than thy ill Genius, take all opportunities to expose thy Folly and Falshood every where, till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

*Val.* But has your Ladyship no Mercy? Will nothing but my Ruin appease you? Why should you chuse by your Malice to expose your decay of Years, and lay  
open

open your poor Lover's Follies to all, because you could improve 'em to your own use no longer? [*Approaches.*

*L. Squeam.* Come not near me, Traitor ----- Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be so cruel? See, see, how wildly he looks: For Heav'n's sake have a care of him; I fear he is distemper'd in his Mind: What pity 'tis so hopeful a Gentleman should run mad for Love!-----ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs. Good.* Dear Madam, how can you use Mr. *Valentine* so? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour, and spoil him for being good Company all the Day after it.

*L. Squeam.* Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greatest Pleasure to me in the World: Let me die, but I love to rally a bashful young Lover, and put him out of Count'nance, at my Heart.

*Saunt.* Ha, ha, ha! and I'll swear the Devil and all's in her Wit, when she sets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine*! Lord, how sillily he looks!

*Caper.* Ay, and would fain be angry, if he knew but how.

*Val.* Hark you Coxcomb, I can be angry, very angry, d'ye mark me?

*Clum.* No, but Sir, don't be in a Passion: my Lady will have her humour: but she's a very good Woman at the bottom.

*Val.* Very likely, Sir.

*Mrs. Good.* Now, Madam, if your Ladyship thinks fit, we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themselves a little; only Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* must do us the honour of their Company.

*Saunt.* Say you so, Madam? I faith and you shall have it. Come *Caper*, we are the Men for the Ladies, I see that,-----Hey Boys!

*L. Squeam.* Oh dear! and sweet Mr. *Saunter* shall oblige us with a Song.

*Saunt.* O Madam, ten thousand, ten thousand if you please! I'll swear I believe I could sing all Day and all Night, and never be weary.

[*Sings:*  
*When*

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*When Phyllis watcht her harm'less Sheep,  
Not one poor Lamb, &c.*

*[Ex. Saunter, Caper, and Ladies.]*

*Good.* A happy riddance this! Now Gentlemen, for one Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and new Acquaintance, Sir Noble Clumsey.

*Clum.* Really Gallants, I must beg your Pardon, I dare not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and my Head won't bear it.

*Trum.* Oh, surely that honourable Bulk could never be maintain'd with thin regular Diet and small Beer.

*Clum.* I must confess, Sir, I am something plump; but a little Fat is comely; I would not be too lean.

*Mal.* No, by no means, my Dear, thou hast an heroick Face, which well becomes the noble Port and Fulness of thy Body.

*Val.* *Goodvile*, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been some time in a Cloud; for this once receive him into good Grace and Favour again.

*Mal.* Faith *Goodvile* do, for without any more Words, I love thee with all my Heart----Faith and troth----give me thy Hand.

*Good.* But, Sir, should I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly, I fear.

*Mal.* Drunk, Sir, I scorn your Words, I'd have you know I han't been drunk this Week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I won't be very sober. This noble Knight shall be security for my good Behaviour. Wilt thou not, Knight?

*Clum.* Sir, you are a Person altogether a Stranger to me; and I have sworn never to be bound for any Man.

*Trum.* But, Sir Noble, you are oblig'd in Honour to serve a Gentleman and your Friend.

*Clum.* Say you so, Sir? oblig'd in Honour? I am satisfy'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatsoever he says I'll stand to.

*Mal.*

*Mal.* Hark thee Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight at ready, I'll marry thee to a Lady of my Acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

*Good.* Boy, the Wine, give Sir *Noble* his Glas -----  
Gentlemen, Sir *Noble's* Lady's Health.

*Clum.* Od's my Life, I'll drink that tho' I die for't, Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you shall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glas of good Wine.

*Val.* Say you so? Take the other Glas then, Sir *Noble*.

*Clum.* 'Fore *George*, and so I will. Pox on't, let it be a Brimmer: Gentlemen, God save the King.

*Mal.* Well said my lovely Man of Might: His Worship grows good Company.

*Trum.* Sir *Noble*, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*; they are Men of pretty Parts.

*Clum.* Oh Sir, the finest Persons -- the most obliging well-bred complaisant modish Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are Men of fine Estates.

*Trum.* This Rogue is one of those earthly Mongrels that knows the value of nothing but a good Estate, and loves a Fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, tho' his Grandfather were a Blacksmith.

*Clum.* How say you, Sir, a good Estate? Od's heart, give me the other Glas, I have two thousand Pounds a Year.

*Mal.* Say'st thou so? Boy, bring more Wine! Wine in abundance, Sirrah d'ye hear? *Frank Goodvile*, thou see'st I am free, for Faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

*Good.* *Malagene*, it shall be your Task; drink him up lustily, and when that's done, we'll bring him to my Lady his Cousin, it may make some sport.

*Val.* A very good Proposal.

*Mal.*

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*Mal.* Say no more; thy Word's a Law, and it shall be done: Come, bear up my lusty Limb of Honour, and hang Sobriety.

*Clum.* Ay, so say I, hang Sobriety --- drink, whore, rant, roar, swear, make a noise, and all that: But be honest, do'st hear, be honest.

*Trum.* I would very fain be so if I could: But the damn'd Billet this Morning won't out of my head. Well, Madam *Goodvile*, if any mischief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not strike first, and there's an end on't. [Musick within.]

*Enter Lettice.*

*Let.* Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies desire your Company. Mr. *Truman*, my Lady wants you.

*Trum.* Say'st thou so? I thank thee for thy News with all my Heart, The Devil I see will get the better on't, and there is no resisting.

*Let.* Sir Noble, my Lady *Squeamish* sent me to tell you, she wants your Company to dance.

*Clum.* Tell her, I am busy about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come. --- Dance? I look like a Dancer indeed! but these Women will be always putting us on more than we can do --- Boy, give me more Wine.

*Good. Malagene*, remember, and use Expedition.

[Ex. Good. Trum. Val. Lettice.]

*Clum.* Sirrah, do you know me? I am a Knight; And here's a Health to all the Whores in Christendom.

*Mal.* Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [Drinks.]

*Clum.* So, there's for you, do you see? [Breaks a Glass.] Sirrah, don't you look scurvily; I have Money in my Pocket, you must know that. --- Bring us more Wine. --- *Malagene*, thou art a pretty Fellow; dost thou love me? Give me thy Hand: I will salute thy under Lip. [Stagers.]

*Mal.* Ha, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I shall almost be drunk as soon as the Knight. Sir Noble, canst thou whore?

*Clum.*



*Clum.* How, whore! what a Question's there? Thou shalt be my Pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

*Mal.* What a Rascal this Knight is! I have known as worthy a Person as himself a Pimp, and one that thought it no Blemish to his Honour neither. [*Aside.*

*Enter Lady Squeamish at the Door.*

*Clum.* Ha, my Lady Cousin! ---Faith, Madam, you see I am at it.

*Mal.* The Devil's in it, I think; we cou'd no sooner talk of Whores, but she must come in, with a-pox to her. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

*L. Squeam.* Oh, odious; insufferable! who would have thought, Cousin, you would have serv'd me so---fough, how he stinks of Wine, I can smell him hither! --How have you the Patience to hear the Noise of Fiddles, and spend your time in nasty Drinking?

*Clum.* Hum! 'tis a good Creature: Lovely Lady, thou shalt take thy Glafs.

*L. Squeam.* Uh gud! murder! I had rather you had offer'd me a Toad.

*Clum.* Then *Malagene*, here's a Health to my Lady Cousin's *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. [*Drinks and breaks the Glafs.*

*L. Squeam.* Lord, dear Mr. *Malagene*, what's that?

*Mal.* A certain Place, Madam, in *Greece*, much talkt of by the Antients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

*L. Squeam.* Nay, he is an ingenious Person I'll assure you.

*Clum.* Now Lady bright, I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy Hand, I'll go straight and begin my Grandmother's kissing Dance; but first deign me the private Honour of thy Lip.

*L. Squeam.* Nay, fy, Sir Noble! how I hate you now; for shame be not so rude: I swear you are quite spoiled. Get you gone, you good-natur'd Toad you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Goodvile a little heated.*

*Good.* WHAT a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holy day. *Truman* marries *Victoria*, that's resolv'd on, and so one Care is over. But then *Camil'a*! how shall I get possession of her?--- Well, my Mind misgives me, I shall do something may call my Discretion in question; and yet I cannot avoid it. *Camilla* I do love, and must have her, come what will on't: And no time so fit to begin the Enterprize as this; she may make a good Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

*Enter Truman and Valentine. Musick.*

Fy, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit Champaign for this? Faith I begin to despair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers.

*Trum. Goodvile*, thou hast no Conscience: A decay'd Cavalier Captain, that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy-Lieutenant in the Country, is not able to keep thee Company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no such trifling Matter.

*Good.* Oh but I hate to be balk'd; and a Friend that leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Mistress that jilts me when I thought I had made sure of the Business. But Gallants, how stand the Affairs of Love? *Truman*, is *Victoria* kind? I question not your Friendship in the Matter, but trust the Honour of my Family in your Hands.

*Val.* He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no longer a Stranger on what score he is so wondrous civil.

civil. But I am mistaken, if he be behind with him in Kindness long.

[*Aside.*

*Trum.* A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me; methinks the very Thought on't goes a little against my Stomach: Like a young Thief, tho' I have some itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may follow.

*Good.* Well, I'll go in, and better prepare *Victoria*: in the mean time believe it only my Ambition to be as well ally'd in Blood, as Friendship, to so good and generous a Person as *Truman*.

[*Exit.*

*Trum.* What a damn'd Creature Man is! *Valentine*, didst thou believe this Fellow could be a Villain?

*Val.* I must confess it something surprizes me; he might have found out a fitter Person to put his Mistress upon, than his Friend: But how the Devil got you the Knowledge of it?

*Trum.* Faith I'll tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it---his Wife, ev'n his very Wife told me all.

*Val.* I begin to suspect that Mrs. *Goodvile* has no ill Opinion of you; I observ'd something but now very obliging towards you: Besides, when a Woman begins to betray her Husband's Secrets, 'tis a certain sign she has a mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

*Trum.* *Valentine*, no more of that; tho' it would be a rare Revenge to make a Cuckold of this smiling Rogue.

*Val.* 'Tis fifty times better than cutting his Throat; that were to do him more Honour than he deserves.

*Enter Malagene.*

*Mal.* Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Sport---*Jack-Truman*, *Ned Valentine*.

*Trum.* Why, what's the matter? Where?

*Mal.* Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight, as drunk as a Porter; and faith *Jack* I am but little better.

*Val.*

*Val.* Dear Sir, and what of all this ?

*Mal.* Why with a Bottle under his Arm, and a Beerglass in his Hand, I set him full drive at my Lady *Squeamish*, for nothing else but to make mischief, *Ned---*, nothing else in the World; for every body knows I am the worst-natur'd Fellow breathing: 'Tis my way of Wit,

*Val.* Do you love no body then ?

*Mal.* No not I : Yes, a pox on't, I love you well enough, because you are a Rogue I have known a good while. Tho' should I take the least Prejudice against you, I cou'd not afford you a good Word behind your Back for my Heart.

*Trum.* Sir, we are much oblig'd to you : 'Tis a sign the Rogue is drunk that he speaks Truth.

*Mal.* I tell you what I did t'other Day : Faith 'tis as good a Jest as ever you heard.

*Val.* Pray, Sir, do.

*Mal.* Why walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me and ask'd my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty Proposition to me.) Being in one of my witty merry Fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that Condition ? The poor Fellow shook his Head, and told me he was born so. But how d'ye think I serv'd him ?

*Val.* Nay, the Devil knows.

*Mal.* I show'd my Parts I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Business.

*Trum.* And this you say is your way of Wit ?

*Mal.* Ay altogether, this and Mimickry : I'm a very good Mimick ; I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchio*, *Harlequin*, *Prince Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow.

*Val.* The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow !

*Mal.* Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, so I say--Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Pigs,  
Sau-

Sausages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roasting;  
I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

*Trum.* That indeed must be the Effect of very curious Observation.

*Mal.* No hang it, I never make it my Business to observe any thing, that is Meehanick. But all this I do, you shall see me if you will: But here comes her Ladyship and Sir Noble.

*Enter Lady Squeamish and Sir Noble Clumsey.*

*L. Squeam.* Oh, dear Mr. *Truman*, rescue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'n's sake.

*Clum.* I tell thee Lady, I must embrace thy lovely Body: Sir, do you know me? I am Sir *Noble Clumsey*: I am a Rogue of an Estate, and I live---Do you want any Money? I have fifty Pounds.

*Val.* Nay, good Sir *Noble*, none of your Generosity we beseech you. The Lady, the Lady, Sir *Noble*.

*Clum.* Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is---Hang Money, my Father was an Alderman.

*Mal.* 'Tis pity good Guineas should be spoil'd, Sir *Noble*, by your leave. [*Picks up the Guineas.*]

*Clum.* But, Sir, you will not keep my Money?

*Mal.* Oh, hang Money, Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

*Clum.* Well, get thee gone for an Arch Wag---I do but sham all this while:---but by Dad he's pure Company.

*Trum.* Was there ever such a Blockhead! Now has he nevertheless a mighty Opinion of himself, and thinks all this Wit and pretty Discourse.

*Clum.* Lady, once more I say be civil, and come kiss me; I shall ravish else, I shall ravish mightily.

*Val.* Well done, Sir *Noble*, to her, never spare.

*L. Squeam.* I may be even with you tho' for all this, Mr. *Vaentine*: Nay, dear Sir *Noble*; Mr. *Truman*, I'll swear he'll put me into Fits.

*Clum.*



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*Clum.* No but let me salute the Hem of thy Garment.  
Wilt thou marry me? [Kneels.]

*Mal.* Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

*L. Squeam.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are a strange Man, and I'll swear have a great deal of Wit. Lord, why don't you write?

*Mal.* Write? I thank your Ladyship for that with all my Heart. No, I have a Finger in a Lampoon or so sometimes, that's all.

*Trum.* But he can act.

*L. Squeam.* I'll swear, and so he does better than any one upon our Theatres; I have seen him: Oh the *English* Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian*: Besides, we want Poets.

*Clum.* Poets! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

*L. Squeam.* Oh Cousin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my Counsel: Be sure to say soft melting tender things in it, that may be moving, and make your Ladies Characters virtuous, whate'er you do.

*Clum.* Moving! Why, I can never read it my self but it makes me laugh: well, 'tis the prettiest Plot, and so full of Wagery.

*L. Squeam.* O ridiculous!

*Mal.* But, Knight, the Title; Knight, the Title.

*Clum.* Why let me see; it's to be call'd, *The merry Conceits of Love*; or *The Life and Death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with the Humours of his Dog Bobadillo*.

*Mal.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Val.* But Sir *Noble*, this sounds more like a Comedy.

*Clum.* Oh, but I have resolv'd it shall be a Tragedy, because *Bobadillo's* to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I scorn to write Comedy. I know several that can squirt Comedy.----I'll tell you more of this when I am sober.

*L. Squeam.* But dear Mr. *Malagene*, won't you let us

see you act a little something of *Harlequin*? I'll swear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whitehall* all the time. [*Mal. acts.*] Oh Lord, don't, don't neither: I'll swear you'll make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

*Trum.* Was ever any thing so affected and ridiculous? Her whole Life sure is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd Woman, with all the exquisite Silliness and Vanity of her Sex, yet none of the Charms!

[*Malagene speaks in Punchinello's Voice.*

*L. Squeam.* O Lord, that, that; that is a Pleasure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene*, how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actress?

*Mal.* Ever since your Ladyship has been off from the Hooks with Mr. *Valentine*. [*In his own Voice aloud.*

*L. Squeam.* Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. *Malagene* had been better bred than to upbraid me with any such base thing to my Face, whatever he might say of me behind my back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the World, that I am satisfy'd of.

*Val.* Can your Ladyship take any thing ill from Mr. *Malagene*? A Woman should bear with the unlucky Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the ill Manners of her Monkey sometimes: The Fools and Rascals your Sex delights in, ought to have the Privilege of saying, as well as they have of doing any thing.

*L. Squeam.* Which you Men of Wit (as you think your selves!) are very angry you should be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good Parts should be your Misfortune.

*Val.* Ay Madam, I feel the Curse of it: I who had just Sense enough to fall in love with so much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradise I was so happily possess'd of.

*L. Squeam.* This Malice and Ill-nature shall not serve

serve your Turn; I shall know all your Proceedings and Intrigues with *Camilla*, and be reveng'd on your Love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

*Enter Caper and Saunter.*

*Caper.* Oh dear Madam, we are utterly undone for want of your Ladyship's Company I'll vow, Madam *Goodvile* is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here.

*[Cuts backward.]*

*Clum.* Sir, are you a Dancing Master? you are very nimble methinks.

*Caper.* Ay Sir, I hate to stand still. But Sir *Noble*, I thought you had known me. I doubt you may be a little overtaken; Faith, dear Heart, I am glad to see thee so merry.

*Clum.* Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a Year or so, 'tis good for my bodily Health. But do you never drink?

*Caper.* No, Sir *Noble*, that is not my Province, you know: I mind Dancing altogether.

*Clum.* Nor you? can't you drink, ha?

*Saunt.* No, I make love, and sing to Ladies.

*Clum.* Whores to my Knowledge, arrant rank common Whores. A pox on your Woman of Quality that you carry'd me to in the *Mall*.

*Trum.* Why, what was the matter, Sir *Noble*?

*Clum.* By yea, and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Bawd instead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Clothes, and nothing to eat.

*L. Squeam.* Oh dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleasant.

*Trum.* I believe Sir *Noble* is much in the right; for I never came near these giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney stripping Whore that did not know 'em.

*Caper.* *Nel Valentine*, I have a Kindness to beg of you.

*Val.* Sir, you may command me any thing.

*Caper.* Why, you must know I am in love with *Camilla*.

*Val.* Very good.

*Caper.* Now I would have you speak to *Frank Goodvile* not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it ; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her ; I catch'd him at it but now : Faith it made my Heart ache, never stir if it did not.

*Val.* In troth, Sir, 'tis very uncivil. *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind to oblige us both ; he's providing a Wife for me too as fast as he can. *Camilla*'s his Quarry now I understand, and by that time he has play'd as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Mistress *Victoria*, I may stand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

*Trum.* *Valentine*, thou art upon too sure Grounds for him there ; *Camilla* has both too much Wit and Virtue, and each with as little Affectation as the other.

*Val.* *Jack*, After this I cannot but be very free with you. I know there is some Love hatching between you and his Wife : Both our Revenge lies in thy hands ; and if thou dost not thy self and me Justice, I'll disown thee for ever.

*Trum.* See where he comes, with a Heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but Honesty in it.

*Enter Goodvile singing.*

*When Beauty can't move, and our Passions grow co'd,  
Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when we're old.*

*Good.*---*Jack Truman*, yonder have I and *Victoria* been laughing at thee till we were weary. She swears thou art so very modest, she would not for all the world marry thee for fear of spoiling that Virtue.

*Trum.* Nay, then I doubt I have lost her for ever ; for if she complains of my Modesty, she has found a Fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

*Good.* But that is a Quality, which tho' they hate never so much in a Gallant, they are apt for many Reasons to value in a Husband : Fear not, Dissimulation is the natural Adjunct of their Sex ; and I would no more despair

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despair of a Woman, tho' she swore she hated me, than I would believe her tho' she swore she lov'd me.

*Enter Lady Squeamish, and the rest of the Company, with the Fiddles.*

*L. Squeam.* Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! *Mr. Caper*, where are you? you shall dance with *Madam Camilla*. *Mr. Saunter*, wait on *Victoria*. *Mr. Goodvile*, your humble Servant. Dear *Mr. Truman*, won't you oblige me? *Madam Goodvile*----ha, ha, ha: I'll swear I had utterly forgotten *Mr. Va'entine*.

*Val.* Your Ladyship knows me to be a civil Person; if you please, I'll keep good Orders. [*All take out the Women.*]

*Mal.* Faith *Neddo*, and I'll keep the Musick in tune: Away with it; [*Musick plays.*] Hold, hold----what insufferable Rascals are these? why ye scurvy thrashing scraping Mongrels, ye make a worse noise than cramp't Hedghogs. An old gouty Dancing-Master that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Musick on his crack'd Kit----'Sdeath ye Dogs, can't you play now as a Gentleman sings? ha-----

*Good.* Sir, will you never leave this nauseous Humour of yours? I can never be with you but I must be forc'd to use you ill, or endure the perpetual Torment of your Impertinence.

*Mal.* Well Sir, I ha'done Sir, I ha'done: But 'tis very hard a Man cannot be permitted to shew his Parts. 'Sdeath *Frank*, dost thou think thou understand'st Musick?

*Good.* Sir, I understand it so well, that I won't have it interrupted in my Company by you.

*Mal.* I am glad on't with all my Heart; I never thought you had understood any thing before.---I think there I was pretty even with you.

*Good.* Sauciness and Ill-manners are so much your Province, that nothing but Kicking is fit for you.

*Mal.* Sir, you may use your Pleasure: but I care no more for being kickt, than you do for kicking.



But prithee, *Frank*, why should you be out of humour so? I he Devil take me, if I shall not give thee such a Jerk presently will make thee angry indeed.

*L. Squeam.* Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be so illnatur'd? I'll swear Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. These People have no Manners in the least, play not at all to dancing: But I vow he himself sings a tune extreme prettily.

*Good.* Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd! I shall have no Opportunity to pursue my Business with *Camilla*: I must remove this troublesome Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put a stop at least to her Impertinence. [*Aside.*]

*L. Squeam.* Mr. *Truman*. Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beseech you do me the Favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* sing a *Scotch* Song: I'll swear I am a strange Admirer of *Scotch* Songs, they are the pretty'st soft melting gentle harmless Things---

*Saun.* By Dad, and so they are ----- In January last----- [*Sings.*]

*Val.* Deliver us! A *Scotch* Song! I hate it worse than a *Scotch* Bagpipe, which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Musick. I wish I could see her Ladyship dance a *Scotch* Jig to one of 'em.

*Mal.* I must needs beg your Ladyship's Pardon, I have forgotten the last new *Scotch* Song: But if you please, I'll entertain you with one of another Nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleasant.

*L. Squeam.* Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me.

[*Malagene sings an Irish Cronon.*]

*Mal.* Well, Madam, how like you it, Madam, ha?

*L. Squeam.* Really it is very pretty now---the pretty'st odd, out of the way Notes. Don't you admire it, strangely?

*Mal.* I'll assure your Ladyship I learnt it of an *Irish* Musician,

Musician, that's lately come over, and intend to present it to an Author of my Acquaintance, to put it in his next Play.

*L. Squeam.* Ha, ha, Mr. *Valentine*, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Mistress----ha, ha, ha.

*Val.* My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty Voice, he shall learn it if you please; and if your Ladyship has any further Service for him----

*L. Squeam.* Ah Lord, Wit, Wit, Wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

*Tram. Valentine,* thou art something too rough; I am afraid her Ladyship will be reveng'd; I see Mischief in her Eyes: 'tis safer provoking a *Lancashire* Witch, than a old Mistress; and she as violent in her Malice too.

*Good. Malagene,* a word with you----hark ye, come hither. .

[*Goes to the Door.*]

*Mal.* Well, *Frank*, what's the Business now? I am dearly for Mischief: shall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Rascals out of Doors?

*Good.* No, Sir; but I'll be so civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no struggling, I have Footmen within.

*Mal.* Whoo, prithee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a silly affected fantastical Gipsy: I did all this but o' purpose to shew her--Let me alone, I'll abuse her worse.

*Good.* No, Sir, but I'll take more care of your Reputation, and turn you out to learn better Manners. No Resistance as you tender your Ears; but be gone. [*Ex. Mal.*] So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have some little time to my self--Fiddles strike up. [*Dance.*]

*Tram.* Thus, Madam, you freely enjoy all the Pleasures of a single Life, and ease your self of that wretched formal Austerity which commonly attends a married one.

*Mrs. Good.* Who would not hate to be one of those simp'ring Saints that enter into Marriage as they would

go into a Nunnery, where they keep very strict to their Devotion for a while, but at last turn as arrant Sinners as e'er they were?

*Trum.* Marriages indeed should be repair'd to, as commonly Nunneries are, for handsom Retreats and Conveniences, not for Prisons; where those that cannot live without 'em may be safe, yet sometimes venture too abroad a little.

*Mrs. Good.* But never, Sir, without a Lady Abbess, or a Confessor at least.

*Trum.* Might I, Madam, have the Honour to be your Confessor, I should be very indulgent and lavish of Absolution to so pretty a Sinner.

*Mrs. Good.* See, Mr. Goodville and Madam Camilla I believe are at Shrift already.

*Trum.* And poor *Ned Valentine* looks as pensively as if all the Sins of the Company were his own.

*Mrs. Good.* See Mr. *Caper*, your Mistress.

*Cap.* Ha *Camil'a*! Sir your Servant, may I have the Honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

*Good.* No Sir, Death! surely I have Fools that rest and harbour in my House, and they are a worse Plague than Bugs and Moths: Shall I never be quiet?

*Val.* Sir Noble, Sir Noble, have a care of your Mistress! do you see there?

*Clum.* Hum---ha---where? oh--- [*Wakes and rises.*]

*Saun.* Nay, faith Madam, *Harry Caper's* as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiest Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. *Harry*, I shall marry her.

*Clum.* Marry Sir! whom will you marry, Sir? you lye. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'll marry thee my self presently.

*Viët.* You, Sir Noble! ----- what d'ye mean?

[*She squeaks.*]

*Clum.* Mean! honourably! honourably, I mean honourably. These are Rogues, my Dear, arrant Rogues. Come along

[*Ex. Sir Nob. and Viët.*]

*Cap.*

Cap. Ha, Saunter. ---

Saun. Ay, Caper, ha! Let's follow this drunken Knight.

Cap. I'faith and so I will --- I don't value him this!

[Cuts. [Ex. Cap. and Saunt.

L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha, Well, I'll swear my Cousin Sir Noble is a strange pleasant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and see the Sport. Mr. Truman, will you walk? Oh dear, 'tis violent hot. [Exeunt.

Val. I'll withdraw too, and at some Distance observe how Matters are carry'd between Goodvile and Camilla. [Exit.

Good. Are you then, Madam, resolv'd to ruin me? Why should all that Stock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deserve the Gleanings of it? I love you. ---

Cam. And all the Sex besides. That ever any Man should take such Pains to forswear himself to no purpose!

Good. Nay then there's Hopes yet; if you pretend to doubt the Truth of my Love, 'tis a Sign you have some Inclinations at least that are my Friends.

Cam. This Goodvile I see is one of those spruce polisht Fools, who have so good an Opinion of themselves, that they think no Woman can resist 'em, nor Man of better Sense despise 'em. I'll seem at present to comply, and try how far 'twill pass upon him. [Aside.

Good. Well, Madam, have you consider'd on't? Will the Stone in your Heart give way?

Cam. No, Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever 'twas.

Good. And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with my self? Ha!

Cam. At your own Discretion, Sir, tho' I should be loth to see so proper a handsom Gentleman come to an ill End.

Good. Good charitable Creature! But, Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my Revenge shall be to love you still; gloat on and lo! after you where-e'er I see you; in all publick Meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and so plain, that every Fop that sings 'em shall know 'tis you I mean.

*Cam.* So, Sir, this is something: Cou'd not you as well have told me you had been been very ill-natur'd at first? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; besides, 'tis a thousand times better than vowing and bowing, and making a deal of Love and Noise, and all to as little Purpose as any thing you say else.

*Good.* Right exquisite Tyrant! I'll set a Watch and Guard so strict upon you, you shall not entertain a well-dress'd Fool in private, but I'll know it; then in a lewd Lampoon publish it to the Town; till you shall repent and curse the Hour you ever saw me.

*Cam.* Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel Man.

*Good.* Ha, how's that? am I then mistaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thousand Pardons; curst damn'd Sot that I was! I have ruin'd my self now for ever.

*Cam.* Well, Sir, should I now forgive you all, could you consent to wrong your Lady so far? you have not yet been marry'd a full Year: How must I then suspect your Love to me, that can so soon forget your Faith to her?

*Good.* O Madam, what do you do? The Name of a Wife to a Man in Love is worse than cold Water in a Fever: 'Tis enough to strike the Distemper to my Heart, and kill me quite: my Lady, quoth-a!

*Cam.* Besides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

*Good.* I grant it, he is so; A Friend is a thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withal: Nay more, I would on a good Occasion lose my Life for a Friend, but not my Pleasure. Say where and when it shall be?

*Cam.* Never, I dare not.

*Good.* You must by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the lowest Garden.

*Cam.* I won't promise you, can't you trust my Good-nature?

*Good.* Charming Creature! I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my Hopes are compleated.

*Cam.*



*Cam.* Haste! haste! away, Sir, I see *Valentine* coming.

[*Exit Good.*]

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* Madam, you are extremely merry; I am glad Mr *Goodvile* has left you in so good a Humour.

*Cam.* Ay, Sir, and what may please you more, he is parted hence in as good a Humour as he has left me here.

*Enter Lady Squeamish, Bridget at the Door.*

*L. Squeam.* *Valentine* and *Camilla* alone together! Now for an Opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love Malice!

*Val.* Ungratefull'st of Women!

*Cam.* Foolishest of Men! can you be so very silly to be jealous? for I find you are so: What have you ever observ'd since your first Knowledge of me, that might persuade you I should ever grow fond of a Man as notoriously false to all Women as you are unworthy of me?

*L. Squeam.* Has *Valentine* been false to her too? Nay, then there is some Pleasure left yet; to think I am not the only Woman that has suffer'd by his Baseness. [*Aside.*]

*Val.* What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an Hour only for a little harmless Raillery or so? an Honour I could never obtain without hard Suit and humble Supplication.

*Cam.* Alas! how very politick you are grown! you would pretend Displeasure to try your Power. No--- I shall henceforth think you never had a good Opinion of me; but that your Love was at first as ill grounded as your fantastical Jealousy is now.

*Val.* What specious Pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am easy and good-natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd: --- What, not a Word!

*Cam.* Tho' I can hardly descend to satisfy your Distrust, for which I hardly value you, and almost hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did discourse with him, and of Love too: nay more, granted him an Appointment, but one I never meant to keep; and

pro-

promised it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted such an Opportunity as this to check your Pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept at a Distance.

*Val.* Tho' I had some Reason to be in doubt, yet this true Resentment and just Proceeding has convinc'd me: For *Goodvile* is a Man I have little Reason to trust, as will appear hereafter: and 'twas my Knowledge of his Baseness made me run into so mean a Distrust of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again discard me for ever.

*Cam.* Yes: but the next time I shall happen to discourse with a Gentleman in private, I shall have you listening at the Door, or Eves-dropping under the Window. What, distrust your Friend, the honourable worthy *Mr. Goodvile*? --- Fy, how can you be so ungenerous?

*Val.* There is not such another Hypocrite in the World: He never made love but to delude, nor Friendship but for his Ends: --- Even his own Kinswoman and Charge, *Victoria*, he has long since corrupted, and now would put her on his best Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

*Cam.* I cannot but laugh to think how easily he swallow'd the Cheat: He could not be more transported at Possession, than he was with Expectation; and he went away in a greater Triumph than if he had conquer'd the *Indies*.

*Val.* Where did you promise him?

*Cam.* In the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden.

*L. Squam.* So, in the left-hand Walk in the lower Garden: I heard that. [*Aside.*

But *Mr. Valentine*, you may chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleasant.

*Val.* And when?

*Cam.* Anon, when it begins to grow dark.

*L. Squam.* Enough, I know the Time and Place; and *Madam Camilla*, I shall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to-night. Alas, poor inconsiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her! [*Aside.*

*Cam.*

*Cam.* Now would this News be more welcome to her Ladyship Madam *Squeamish*, than a new Fashion, a new Dance, or new Song. How many Visits would she make on the Occasion! not a Family in Town would be at rest for her till she had made it a Jest, from the Mother of the Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in *Holborn*.

*Val.* But for some private Reasons I would have it kept from her, and from Madam *Goodvile* too. There are Affairs to be carry'd on to-night, which the least Accident may interrupt. --- Besides, I have thought upon't, and will so contrive the Matter, that *Goodvile* shall keep his Assignment, and her Ladyship her self supply the Place of the much-expected charming *Camilla*.

*Cam.* But would you, Sir, do me such an Injury as to make me break my Word with Mr. *Goodvile*? that were inhuman.

*Val.* Good conscionable Creature, have Patience, and don't you think of paying Debts too fast; there's an Account yet between you and me which must be made even, and I think I had best secure it now I have you in my Custody.

*Cam.* Ay, but, Sir, if I part with any thing, I shall expect to have something to shew for't.

*Val.* Nay, if I don't offer as lusty Security and Conditions as any Man, let me lose all I lay Claim to, that's fair. [Exeunt.]

*L. Squeam.* So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extremely surprizing. *Bridget*, go home and fetch me the Morning-gown I had last made in Imitation of *Camilla*'s, for perhaps I shall go a Masquerading to-night, or it may be not; but fetch it nevertheless.

*Brid.* Madam, won't the other serve? you may remember you left it at my Lady *Foplove*'s't'other Night; that's nearer.

*L. Squeam.* Impertinent Creature! and wouldst thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I say; and d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead,  
for

fear I may have Fits to-night.

*Brid.* I never knew her without fantastical ones, I am sure, for they cost me many a weary Errand. [*Ex.*

*Enter Victoria.*

*L. Squeam.* Oh my dear *Victoria*! the most unlook'd for Happiness! the pleasantest Accident! the strangest Discovery! the very Thought of it were enough to cure Melancholy. *Valentine* and *Camilla*, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, ha, ha, ha.

*Vict.* Dear Madam, what is't so transports you?

*L. Squeam.* Nay, 'tis too precious to be communicated: Hold me, hold me, or I shall die with Laughter --- ha, ha, ha, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, *Valentine* and *Camilla* --- ha, ha, ha, --- O dear, my Heart's broke.

*Vict.* Good Madam, refrain your Mirth a little, and let me know the Story, that I may have a Share in it,

*L. Squeam.* An Assignment! an Assignment to-night in the lower Garden; -- by strong good Fortune I overheard it all just now -- but to think on the pleasant Consequence that will happen, drives me into an Excess of Joy beyond all Sufferance.

*Vict.* Madam, in all probability the pleasant'st Consequence is like to be theirs, if any Body's; and I cannot guess how it should touch your Ladyship in the least.

*L. Squeam.* O Lord, how can you be so dull? Why, at the very Hour and Place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camilla*'s stead, before she can be there herself; then when she comes, expose her Infamy to all the World, till I have thoroughly reveng'd my self for all the base Injuries her Lover has done me.

*Vict.* But, Madam, can you endure to be so malicious?

*L. Squeam.* That, that's the dear Pleasure of the thing; for I vow I'd sooner die ten thousand Deaths, if I thought I should hazard the least Temptation to the Prejudice of my Honour.

*Vict.* But why should your Ladyship run into the Mouth of Danger? who knows what scurvy lurking



Curving Devil may stand in readiness, and seize your Virtue before you are aware of him?

L. *Squeam*. Temptation! No, I'd have you know I scorn Temptation: I durst trust my self in a Convent amongst a Kennel of cramm'd Friars: Besides, that ungrateful ill-bred Fellow *Valentine* is my mortal Aversion, more odious to me than foul Weather on a *May-day*, or ill Smell in a Morning.

*Vict.* Nay now, Madam, you are too violent.

L. *Squeam*. Too violent! I would not keep a Waiting-woman that should commend any one thing about him: Dear *Victoria*, urge nothing in his Behalf; for if you do, you lose my Friendship for ever: Tho' I swear he was a fine Person once, before he was spoil'd.

*Vict.* I am sure your Ladyship had the best Share in his spoiling then. [*Aside.*

L. *Squeam*. No, were I inclin'd to entertain Addressees, I assure you I need not want for Servants; for I swear I am so perplex'd with *Billet-doux* every Day, I know not which Way to turn my self: Besides, there's no Fidelity, no Honour in Mankind. Oh dear *Victoria*! whatever you do, never let Love come near your Heart: Tho' really I think true Love is the greatest Pleasure in the World.

*Vict.* Would I had never known Love, my Honour had not then lain at the Mercy of so ungrateful a Wretch as *Gordville*, who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me.

L. *Squeam*. Well, certainly I am the most unsteady, restless, humourfome Woman breathing: Now I am so transported at the Thoughts of what I have design'd, that I long 'till the Hour comes with more Impatience than--- I'll swear I know not what to say--- Dear *Victoria*, ten thousand Adieus--- Wish me good Success--- Yet now I think on't, I'll stay a little longer--- I'll swear I must not neither--- Well! I'll go--- No, I'll stay--- Well, I'm resolv'd neither to stand still--- sit still--- nor lie still--- nor have one Thought at rest till the Business



liness is over---I'll swear I am a strange Creature.

[*Exit L. Squeam;*

*Vict.* Farewel, Whirligigig.

*Enter Goodvile.*

*Good.* *Victoria* here! To meet with an old Mistress when a Man is in pursuit of a fresh one, is a worse Omen than a Hare in a Journey.---I'll step aside this Way till she's past me; so farewel, Fubb.

[*Makes mouths.* [*Exit Vict.*

Now for the lovely, 'kind, yielding *Camilla*! How I long for the happy Hour! Swelling, burning Breasts, dying Eyes, balmy Lips, trembling Joints, Millions of Kisses, and unspeakable Joys wait for me.

*Enter Truman and Valentine.*

Well, Gentlemen, now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be Room near your Hearts for a Bottle or two.

*Trum.* Dear *Goodvile*, thou art too powerful to be deny'd any thing, 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a swift Glass or two now were seasonable and refreshing, to wash away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

*Val.* After a Man has been disturb'd with the publick Impertinences and Follies he meets withal abroad, he ought to recompense himself with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

*Good.* Spoken like Men that deserve the Life you enjoy. I'll in before, and put all Things in Readiness.

[*Ex. Goodvile.*

*Val.* This worthy Person, for his Honesty and Sobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaster: But he is as damnable an *English* Friend and Gentleman, as one would wish to meet withal.

*Trum. Valentine,* thou art too much concern'd at him: Methinks *Camilla's* Justice, and the pleasant Cheat she has put upon him, should rather make thee despise and laugh at him as I do.

*Val. Truman,* thou indeed hast Reason: and when I shall know the happy Success of the Revenge thou hast in store for him, I may do my self and him that Justice as to scorn him, but am too angry yet. *Trum.*

*Friendship in Fashion.* 65

*Trum.* Then to give thee ease (for I dare trust thee) know this very Night I also have an Assignment with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper End of the Garden, the opposite Walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla*.

*Val.* Then I am at rest; let's in. I have nothing else to do but take care so to finish him, as that you shall fear no Interruption: At least he will be so full of his Expectation of *Camilla*, that he'll never dream in what posture his own Affairs stand in another Place.

*Trum.* Away then; and may good Luck attend us: Ere yet two Hours are past his Wife's my own. *Me-* thinks already in that secure dark private Grotto,

*Close in my Arms, and languishing she lies,  
With dying Looks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes;  
And the supine dull Cuckold nothing spies.* [Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Night-Garden.

*Enter Goodvile at one Door, Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice following her at the other.*

*Good.* SO, I think I came off in good Time: Hold, now for *Camilla*: By *Jove* I think I am little better than drunk. Hah! who's there? *Victoria* as I live; nay, it must be she, as I said before. The poor Gipsy's jealous; has had some Intimation of my Appointment with *Camilla*: I'll loof off, and observe which Way she steers.

*Mrs. Good. Lettice,* I fear that's Mr. Goodvil's Voice: Whatever you do, if any cross Accident happens, be sure you call me *Victoria*.

*Good.*

*Good.* Ay, ay, 'tis *Victoria!* vigilant Devil! but I'll take this Way, and wait at the lower End of the Walk.

*Mrs. Good.* *Lettice*, look well round you that no body see us, and then follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Truman.*

*Trum.* Thus far all is well. How I pity poor *Valentine!* yonder is he plying Bunapers, as they call 'em, more furiously than a foreign Minister, that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited something long tho'; who comes here?

*Enter Lettice.*

*Let.* 'Tis I, Sir, your Servant, *Lettice*.

*Trum.* My little good-natur'd Agent, is't you? Where is thy Lady? She's too cruel to let a poor Lover languish here so long in Expectation: It looks as if she rather meant to make a Trial of my Patience than my Love: Is she coming?

*Let.* Well, I swear (as my Lady *Squeamish* says) you are a strange Creature. But I'll go and tell her; tho' I'll vow I utterly disown having any Hand in the Business; and if any Ill comes of it, 'tis none of my Fault.

*Trum.* No, no, not in the least. Pr'ythee dispatch. How's this! more Company! who comes there?

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* 'Tis I, *Jack Truman*; your Friend *Valentine*.

*Trum.* My dear Encourager of Iniquity! what News? Where's *Goodvile*?

*Val.* No matter for *Goodvile*; here comes your Mistress.

*Enter Mrs. Goodvile. Valentine retires.*

*Trum.* Now, now, now! what the Devil ails me? how I shall quake and tremble! --- Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

*Mrs. Good.* Mr. *Truman*, is't your Voice? *Lettice*, you may go again if you will ——— [Ex. *Lettice*.]  
Well, Sir, I vow, Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my Word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp Evening for a World.

*Trum.*

*Trum.* I'll warrant you, Madam, while you are in my Possession, no Cold shall hurt you: Come, shall we withdraw to the Grotto?

*Mrs. Good.* Withdraw to the Grotto? bless me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll swear you make my Heart ach.

*Trum.* Oh Madam! I have the best Cure for the Passion of the Heart in the World I have try'd it, Madam, 'tis *Probatum*: Come, come, let's retire. --- Do, make a Disturbance, and ruin your self and me, do!

*Mrs. Good.* Nay, I'll swear, Sir, you are insufferably rude: You had best make a noise and alarm my Husband, you had; for, hang me, I shall cry out.

*Trum.* No, no, I'm sure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll use you so gently --- hark! --- don't you hear, there's some body coming.

*Mrs. Good.* Where, where, where? If we are seen we are undone for ever. Well, I'll never give you such an Advantage again.

*Trum.* I'm sure you would not, if I should let slip this. Come, come, Delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

*Mrs. Good.* Ah Lord, you kill me! --- what will become of me --- ah ---

[*Carries her in.*]

*Val.* Nay, faith, Madam, your Condition is something desperate, that's certain. 'Tis a pretty Employment I am like to have here; but it is for the sake of my Friend and my Revenge: And two dearer Arguments there cannot be to persuade me to any thing.

*Enter Malagene at some distance.*

*Ma'.* So, *Jack Truman* and *Madam Goodvile* have order'd Matters pretty well, I'll say that for my Kinswoman, she lays about her handsomly. But certainly I hear another Voice this way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more Sport yet.

*Val.* That should be *Goodvile*: I'll step behind this Tree, and see how he and her Ladyship behave themselves.

selves. This is like to be a Night of as civil Business, as I have known a great while.

*Enter Goodvile.*

*Good.* Death and the Devil! how that puny Rogue *Valentine* has sours'd me? If I should have overstay'd the time now, and miss'd of my Appointment with *Camilla*---- *Truman* is reel'd home, that's certain; and *Valentine*, I believe, has follow'd him by this time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou?

*Enter Lady Squeamish.*

*L. Squeam.* That must be *Valentine*; nay, I am sure it is he! how sneakingly will he look when he shall find his Mistake? But I'll take care, if possible, that no such thing shall happen, so mine be the Pleasure, and *Camilla's* the Scandal; I'll rush by him thro' the Walk into the Wilderness. *[Runs cross the Walk.]*

*Good.* That must be she; How swiftly she flew along, as she fear'd to be too late, loosely attired, and fit for Joys! Now all the Power of Love and good Fortune direct me. *[Exit.]*

*Val.* So, thanks to our Stars, he's safe; tho' a Pox-on't, methinks this dry Pimping is but a scurvy Employment. Had I but a Sister or Kinswoman of his to keep doing withal, there were some Comfort in it;--but here comes *Truman* and the Lady; I must not be seen. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.*

*Trum.* You shall not go: Come but back a little, I have something more to tell you that nearly concerns us both: Besides, Mr. *Goodvile's* in the Garden; and if he should chance to meet us, what Excuse could we make to him?

*Mrs. Good.* But will you promise me *Victoria* shall never rob me of your Heart? She does not deserve it, I am sure, half so well as I.

*Trum.* Kind tender-hearted Creature, I know it: Nor shall she ever come so near it, as to know that I have



have one ——— Alas! we talk too long. [*Noise.*  
I hear Company coming, we shall be surpriz'd and  
disappointed, and I am then undone.

Mrs. Good. I'll swear you make me tremble every  
Joint of me: What would you have me do?

Trum. See, see, who are yonder?

[*Exeunt Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.*

*Enter Goodvile and Lady Squeamish.*

Good. What a Feast of Delight have I had! surely  
she was born only to make me happy! her natural and  
unexperienc'd Tendernefs exceeded practis'd Charms:  
----- Dear, blest, lovely *Camilla*, oh! my Joys!

L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha!

Good. How's this? my Lady *Squeam*! --- Death, and  
the Devil.

L. Squeam. Truly sweet Mr. *Valentine*, the same.  
Now, Sir, I hope ---- Uh gad! Mr. *Goodvile*!

[*They stare at each other.*

Good. Have I been mumbling an old Kite all this  
while instead of my young Partridge? a pox of my  
depraved Palate, that could distinguish no better.

L. Squeam. Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, what ails you! ----  
This was an unexpected Adventure; but let me die,  
it is very pleasant, ha, ha, ha!

Good. A pox on the Pleasures, and you too, I say.

L. Squeam. This malicious Devil *Camilla* has over-  
reach'd me. --- Well, Mr. *Goodvile*, you are the wor-  
thiest Person --- had I an only Daughter, I durst trust  
her with you, you are so very civil --- Well Innocence  
is the greatest Happiness in the World.

Good. Right, Madam, it is so, and you know we  
have been very innocent; done no Harm in the World,  
not we.

L. Squeam. The censorious World, if they knew of  
this Accident, I know would be apt enough to speak  
reproachfully; but so long as I my self am satisfied  
in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a Thing  
I defy and scorn.

*Good.*

*Good.* Very philosophically spoken :--- But, Madam, so long as the World is to be a Stranger to our Happiness, why should we deny our selves the second Pleasure of Congratulation ?

*L. Squeam.* Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot say that you have had the least Advantage over my Frailty : Well, what might have happen'd, if the strict Severity of both our Virtues had not secured us ?

*Good.* This affected Impudence of hers is beyond all the Impertinence I ever knew her guilty of.---- Virtue with a Pox ! I think I have Reason to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Virtue found I about her.

*L. Squeam.* But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it : Tho' I am extremely mistaken if I saw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much mistaken if a Lady was not with him too.

*Good.* Hell and Confusion ! that must be *Victoria* : I thought indeed I saw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending she came with a malicious Design of discovering me, avoided her---False to me with *Valentine* ?

*L. Squeam.* I'll swear, Mr. *Goodvile*, I have long suspected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Victoria*, and this Jealousy has confirmed me : and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha !

*Good.* Death Madam ! this is beyond all sufferance---disappointed, and jilted by *Camilla* ! abused by *Victoria* ! and with *Valentine* too, *Truman's* Friend, who I thought should have marry'd her'----- Shame and Infamy light upon the whole Sex ; may the best of 'em be ever suspected, and the most cautious always betray'd.

*L. Squeam.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile*, be patient : Let me die, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or trusting Men again----- Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria*, to gain an Empire. I'll swear if you are not more moderate, you'll discompose me strangely :----- How my Heart beats !

*Good.* Patience ! preach it to a galled Lion--- No, I am sure she is not far off, and I will find her, surprise her

her in the midst of her Infamy and Prostitution,-----  
'Sdeath Madam, let me go.

*L. Squeam.* I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you shall not go----I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to stir.----Oh my Heart, here's *Malagene*.

*Enter Malagene singing, Frank, Frank, Frank, &c.*

*Mal.* Why how now *Frank*, what a Pox out of Humour? Why, Madam, what have you done to him; what have you done to him, Madam? Lord how he looks! why *Frank*, I say, prithee bear up.

*Good.* Hark you Dog, Fool, Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours, or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath you Buffoon I will.

*Mal.* No, but hark you dear Heart, good Words, good Words do you hear, or I shall publish; by my Soul, Joy, I shall.

*Good.* How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owls! I'll set my House o' fire, rather than have it haunted and pester'd by such Vermin.

*Mal.* Faith *Frank* do: I have not seen a House o' fire this great while; it would be a pretty Frolick, prithee let us about it presently.

*L. Squeam.* Dear Mr. *Goodvile*, you shall be persuaded: Don't run your self into Danger thus rashly.

*Good.* Do you hear then, Monsieur *Pimponio*; as you expect to live a quiet Hour, run in and call for some Lights, and return with 'em instantly.

*Mal.* Say no more dear Heart, I'll do't; if Mischief comes not of this, the Devil's in't-----but dear *Frank*, stay till I come again, I'll be back in a trice; take t'other turn with her Ladyship into the Wilderness; or any thing.  
[*Ex. Malagene.*]

*L. Squeam.* Let me not live, this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Person, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you use him too severely.

*Good.* I wish, Madam, he may deserve that Character of you: He is one of those Worldlings you were speaking of that are apt to talk reproachfully; and I believe

believe knows all that has passed between us to Night, for he has a shrewd discerning Judgment in these Matters.

L. *Squeam.* Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, what can he say of me? I defy even Envy it self to do me or my Honour any Prejudice: Tho' I wish I had let this Frolick alone to Night.

*Good.* Frolick with a Pox!-----if these be her Frolicks, what the Devil is she when she is in earnest? O he returns with the Lights:----Look who are these? by Heav'n the same.

*Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.*

*Trum.* Gently, gently, Madam, for fear of an Ambuscade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* since.

*Mrs. Good.* See, see, Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile*: Haste, haste down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

*Trum.* Fear not, trust all to my Conduct. [Ex.

*As Mrs. Goodvile is going away, Goodvile catches hold of her Gown-----she claps on her Masque.*

*Good.* Stay Madam *Victoria*; nay, you must stay, 'tis in vain to fly; I have discover'd all your Falshood, I have: Was mine a Passion to be thus abused? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious false Woman!---is your Lover too ashamed or afraid to shew himself? where is he? why comes he not forth?

*Enter Truman.*

*Trum.* Here I am, Sir.

*Good.* Ha, *Truman*! [*Mrs. Good. gets loose, and Ex.*

*Trum.* Yes, Sir, the same: Ready both to acknowledge and justify my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought, Sir, might have been allow'd without any Offence to Mr. *Goodvile*. That she is innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to do my Honour Justice, and to demand of you on what Grounds you appear so highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleas'd to commend to your Friend for a Wife?

*Good.* Concern'd, Sir! have I not reason to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinswoman  
under



under my Charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unseasonable Hour, might alarm a Man less tender of his Reputation than I am.

*Trum.* Sir, this Excuse won't serve my turn; nor am I so blind as not to be sensible (which I before suspected) that *Victoria* has been long your Mistress: --- A pox of the Honour of your Family; you had given her all your Heart, you said; and your Passion was not a Thing to be thus abused: Nor, Sir, is my Honour.

*Good.* No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

*Trum.* You would have made me believe so indeed; but the Daubing was too coarse, and the artificial Face appear'd too plain. ----- One would have thought, Sir, that you, who keep a general Decoy here for Fools and Coxcombs might have found one to have recompensed a cast Mistress withal, and not have endeavoured the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend. But Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own Mouth: I hope it will not be esteemed much Ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. *Malagene* and I join Forces to publish a little, as he calls it.

*Mal.* Faith, *Jack Truman*, with all my Heart; now I have him on my side, I dare say any thing --- *Frank Goodvile* ---- pugh.

*Good.* Sir, I shall require a better account of this hereafter.

*L. Squeam.* Lord, Mr. *Truman*, what ails Mr. *Goodvile*? how happen'd this Difference? --- I'll swear I am strangely surpriz'd.

*Trum.* Your Ladyship, I suppose, can best give an account how Matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

*L. Squeam.* Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll swear you are a scandalous Person.

*Good.* Sir, since you are so rough, be pleas'd not to concern your self with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to do, if you dare justify your own to morrow.



*Trum.* If I dare?-----nay Sir, since you question it, I'll convince you presently;-----Draw. [*They fight.*]

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* Hold, hold, what's the Matter here?----*Jack Truman, Frank Goodvile*, for shame put up.

*Enter Mrs. Goodvile.*

*Mrs. Good.* Where is this perfidious false Man? where is Mr. *Goodvile*? So Sir, I have found now the Original of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rival it seems; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria* possessed all my Joys: What, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Mistress?-----here, come kill me: Would I had been laid in my Grave, ere I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

*Good.* 'Sdeath, I thought she had been in her Chamber this Hour at least:----'Tis true, my Dear, I must own a Kindness for *Victoria*, as my Kinswoman; but-----

*Mrs. Good.* How! dare you own it? and to my Face too? matchless Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out those hot lascivious glowing Eyes that wander after every Beauty in their Way:----Oh! that I could blast him with a Look!----Was my Love so despicable, to be abandon'd for *Victoria*! The Thought of it makes me mad: I'll endure it no longer, I will have Revenge, or I'll die! Oh!

*Trum.* Delicate Dissimulation! how I love her! [*Aside.*]

*Good.* Dear Madam, hear me speak-----Madam, I say that-----

*Mrs. Good.* I know you cannot want an Excuse; Dissimulation and Falshood have been your Practice:-----but that you should wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that for the sake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every Thing that was ally'd to you was dear to me) is an Injury so great, that it distracts my Reason;----I could pardon any Thing but my wrong'd Love.----Let me be gone; send me to a Nunnery; confine me to a Charnel House, vile ungrateful Wretch! any Thing but thy Presence I can endure.

*Good.*

*Good.* Is there every Way so damn'd a Creature as a Wife?--- Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

*Mrs. Good.* I'll warrant it, you would persuade me I am mad;--- Would I had been born a Fool, I might then have been happy; patiently have pass'd over the many tedious Nights I have endured in your Absence; contented my self with Prayers for your Safety.

*Mal.* O Lord; Prayers!

*Mrs. Good.* When you in the very instant were languishing in the Arms of a Prostitute.

*Good.* Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now --- Curse on her, what shall I do!

*Mrs. Good.* 'Tis a Sign you believe me safe enough! you would not certainly else have the Impudence to have brought a new Mistress under my Nose:--- I see there how guilty she stands--- have you a Stomach so hot that it can digest Carrion, that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? or was it the Fantasticalness of your Appetite, to try how so coarse a Dish would relish, after being cloyed with better feeding?--- Nay, Sir, I have been inform'd of all ---

*Val.* Has then your virtuous Ladship been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. *Goodvile* this Evening?

[To Lady Squeamish.

*Good.* Well, she has dealt with the Devil, that's certain;--- a Pox on't, I see there's no living for me on this side of the World:--- Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'll go into the Country.

*Mrs. Good.* Nay, Sir, I know my Presence has always been uneasy to you: Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart, which *Vicia* only has Charms enough to cure. This in the first Year of our Marriage! nay, and to own it! proclaim your own Falshood, and my disgraceful Injury in the Face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet of all the Scandal in the Town, was by to be a Witness; 'twas very discreetly done, and doubtless will be a Secret long.

*Good.* Whirr, --- nay, since it is so, what the Devil should I strive to smother my good Actions ---- Well, if you will have it so, Madam, *Victoria* has been my Mistress, is my Mistress, and shall be my Mistress, and what a Pox would you have more? and so good-bye to you.

*Enter Sir Noble Clumsey, Caper and Saunter.*

*Clum.* How's this! who's that speaks dishonourably of my Love, and Lady that shall be, *Victoria*? Before *George* she's a Queen, and whoever says to the contrary, I'll first make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth with the Hilt of it.

*Caper.* Oh! dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Masquerade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they see no Company; *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack*, pr'y-thee go and take one Frisk: --- as I hope to be saved, there are three or four of the finest Ladies, the delicatest shaped Women; I am sure I know 'em all.

*Trum.* Sir, I wish you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I shall be very boisterous and mistake 'em for Whores, tho' if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they must be of Quality.

*Caper.* I Gad, and so they are; but mum for that; --- One of 'em is she that gave me this Ring; and the other presented me with a Gold enamelled Watch could not cost less than thirty Guineas; --- Trifles, *Jack*, which I have the Fortune to meet withal sometimes.

*Saun.* Nay Sir, you must not come off so --- *Victoria* your Mistress!

*Good.* Yes Sir, and how are you concern'd in it?

*Saun.* Nay Sir, I can be as civil as any Body --- *Victoria* your Mistress!

*Good.* 'Sdeath you Coxcomb, mind your singing, do you hear, and play the Fool by your self, or ---

*Saun.* Sing Sir? so I can, *Fa La Da La La*, &c. *Victoria* your Mistress!

*Good.* Yes Sir, I say my Mistress.

*Clum.* Ounds then draw.

*Val.* Hold Sir Noble, you are too furious; what's the matter?

*Caper.*

*Caper.* Why, how now *Saunter*? How dost do, dear Heart. --- Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and ---

*Good.* Was ever Man so overwhelmed with Fools and Blockheads? Why, you ill-order'd addle-pated, wadling Brace of Puppies: ---- You Fool in the first Place sing and be safe ---- and you slight Grasshopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

*Caper.* Dance Sir? and so I think I can Sir, and fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet-doux, or any thing better than you Sir: Dance quoth a --- there Sir.

*Mrs. Good.* Nay Sir Noble, not only so, but own'd and boasted of it to my Face: Told me ---

*Clum.* Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable; and I'll eat his Heart for it.

*Good.* Dear Raw-head and Bloody-bones, be patient a little. --- See, see you Beagles, Game for you, fresh Game; that great Towser has started it already; on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo.

*[Thrusts 'em at his Wife, and Exit.]*

*L. Squeam.* But dear Mr. *Caper*, Masqueraders did you say? I'll swear I'll among 'em; shall I not have your Company? Oh! dear Masqueraders! I'll vow I can stay no longer.

*[Exit hastily.]*

*Val.* Curse on her, she's gone and has prevented me; --- *Caper*, *Saunter*, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Masqueraders, for shame follow her; she'll take it ill you did not wait on her.

*Saum.* Faith *Caper*, and so she will. Well I am resolv'd to marry *Victoria* for fear of the worst: --- Madam, your most devoted Servant: I hope our Difference with Mr. *Goodvile* to Night ---

*Mrs. Good.* Dear Sir, it needs no Excuse.

*Caper.* My Resentments, Madam ---

*Trum.* You are too ceremonious, Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear she has lost you.

*Caper.* Dear *Fack*, as I told thee before, I must bring thee acquainted with those Ladies.

*Saun.* Pr'ythee put on a Masque, and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

*Trum.* Sirs, I'll wait on you in a Moment.

*Both.* Dear Soul adieu. [Embracing him.

[Exeunt Singing and Dancing.

*Trum.* These Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good Time; they were never seasonable before.

*Mrs. Good.* Diseases and Visitations are necessary sometimes to sweep away the noisom Crouds that infest and incumber the World.

*Mal.* As, I often said I must publish, I must spread; and so good-b'ye to you. [Exit.

*Enter Lettice.*

*Let.* Oh! Madam, yonder's my Master raving for his Coach: Says he'll into the Country presently: Has given order to disperse the Company; what will you do?

*Mrs. Good.* Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him: --- Ha, ha, ha, into the Country? I'd as soon believe he would turn Capuchin.

*Trum.* But, Madam, it was inhumanly done, to come your self upon him: One would have thought that I had used him bad enough, for the wise Mistake he made of *Victoria*.

*Mrs. Good.* I would not have mis'd it for the World. Now would he come on his Knees for Composition; and if I do not bring him to it within these four Hours——

*Trum.* Why Madam, what will ye do?

*Mrs. Good.* Put on all the notorious Affectations and ridiculous Impertinences that ever the most eminent of our Sex have study'd, or the Coxcombs of your Sex admir'd; then of a sudden seem to grow fond of both those clincant Fools, which I am sure he of all Things lothes; yet do it too so forc'dly, that he himself shall find it only intended to give him Vexation.

*Trum.* Have you then maliciously designed, in spite of Nature, to keep me constant?

*Mrs. Good.* Which you will be sure to be.

*Trum.*



*Trum.* A dozen new fresh young unseen Beauties, and the Devil himself in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me otherwise; I never really lov'd or liv'd till now. There is nothing I'd not wish to be, except the very Husband himself, rather than lose you.

*Enter Valentine and Camilla.*

*Val. Jack Truman!*

*Trum.* Well Ned, what's the matter?

*Val.* Treason, *Truman*; your being here with Mrs. *Goodvile* I fear is discovered; I heard some such Thing whisper'd among the Masqueraders, and *Goodvile* himself seems suddenly alter'd; I would advise you to come and shew your self, and make the best on't.

*Mrs. Good.* Let me alone; I'll secure all, I'll warrant you, I'm sure he can have no positive Proofs: I'll instantly go and put all things in a Confusion, contradict all the Orders he has given for going into the Country; shut up my self in my Chamber, and not hear a Word of him till he comes upon Submission; — *Letrice*, follow me to my Chamber presently. [Exit.]

*Trum.* Right exquisite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee! [Ex.]

*Let.* Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her Business, and understands the managing of a Husband the best of any Woman in the World: I'll swear she is an ingenious Person: Forty Ladies now, at such an Accident, would have been hurry'd and afraid, and the poor Waiting-Woman must have been sent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and inquire; but she shews all her Changes in a Motion.

*Enter Goodvile.*

*Good.* How now, *Letrice*? Where's your Lady?

*Let.* Within, Sir, in her Chamber.

*Good.* Are you sure of it?

*Let.* She commanded me to follow her thither but now.

*Good.* Is she alone there?

*Let.* Ay Sir, I'll assure you she seldom desires Company — But I must hasten and follow her.

*Good.* Stay a little, are ye sure she was in the House, before this Disturbance happen'd in the Garden?

*Let.* Sure Sir! why I my self was at the Chamber Window with her, when first she heard you exclaim against Madam *Victoria*! Poor Creature, I was afraid she would have fallen down dead on the Floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, begg'd her on my Knees not to run out; but she would hear nothing but in spite of Force broke from me, and came hither with all that Impatience and Rage the too sensible Resentment of your Unkindness had rais'd in her.

*Good.* Get you in presently, do you hear; and take no notice of what I have said to you, as you tender your Well-being.

*Let.* Yes Sir; --- but if I conceal a Word of it, may I never serve *London* Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country Chamber-Maid, and kill Fleas as long as I live. *[Ex.]*

*Good.* If I should have been in the wrong all this while, and mistaken my own dear Wife for *Victoria*! --- Ah! Curse on this hot Head of mine! Pox on't, it is impossible! Yet that mischievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and May-be's with me; ---- By this Light I am a Cuckold, an arrant rank stinking Cuckold.

*Enter Victoria.*

*Vict.* What will become of me! whither shall I fly to hide my Misfortune? Oh! that I might never see the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in these Shades.

*Good.* Dear *Victoria*, is't you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before to Night, or no?

*Vict.* I have not been out of the House since it was dark till this Minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am destitute where to conceal my self from the malicious Eyes and Tongues of those, to whom your Baseness has given an Opportunity of triumphing over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

*Good.* Be not so outrageous; I'll reconcile all yet.

*Vict.* Which Way is't possible? By to morrow Morning your very Footmen will have it in their Mouths; and

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and *Malagene*, that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be spreading it among his Coffee house Companions, and at the Play whisper it to the Orange-Women, who shall make a fulsome Jest of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk to loll and play, and be nauseously leud with 'em in publick.

*Good.* I tell thee it shall not be; *Malagene's* my Creature, or at least henceforth I'll make him so: I have Reasons for it, and to believe also that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the same I mistook for you in the Garden to Night.

*Vicf.* 'Tis true, I was at the same Time to see for her in her Chamber, and she was not there; but cannot believe her in the least guilty of what you seem to accuse her of.

*Good.* Confound her!--she's an exquisite Jilt, throw-pac'd, and practis'd in all the cunning Arts and Slights of Falshood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'll make him confess all, or I'll murder him.

*Enter Malagene.*

Well, Sir, what say you to this Matter?

*Mal.* Faith, Bully, I think my dear Kinswoman has maul'd you to some purpose; I'll say this for her, she has the true Blood of the *Malagenes* in her: To lol dara lol, &c.

*Good.* What is't you mean, Fool? Be plain and unfold your self.

*Mal.* Why, you must know, *Frank*, having a particular Esteem for my Family, (the nearest Relation of which I would go fifty Miles to see hang'd) I do think her as very a--But no more,--Mum dear Heart, Mum I say.

*Good.* What's that you say, Sir? what do you think my Wife?

*Mal.* Ay what, *Frank*? what now?

*Good.* Nay, Sir, that you must resolve me.

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*Mal.* Why then I'll tell thee, *Frank*, dost thou really think I love thee?

*Good.* I know you'll say so, Sir, because you fear me.

*Mal.* Then pr'ythee do so much as lend me ten Guineas for a Day or two.

*Good.* Oh Sir to the purpose, to the purpose; be brief.

*Mal.* Nay then, Mum I say again.

*Good.* Will you never leave vexing me with your Impertinence? Must I always be forc'd to use you ill, to bring you to good Manners?

*Mal.* Faith Child, I am loth to make Mischief; I have been a very wicked ill-natur'd impudent Fellow, that's the Truth on't; but I find I lose my self by it; the very Poets themselves that were wont to stand in awe of me, care not a louse for me now; and there's not a common Whore in Town, but calls me Rogue and Rascal to my Face, as impudently as if I were her Pimp.

*Good.* Therefore, Sir, resolve to turn honest, and be just to your Friend.

*Mal.* The Devil take me, *Frank*, if thou art not a very impertinent Fellow:---Know! why, who should know better than your self? ha!

*Good.* Here are five Guineas for you, upon Condition you make a full and true Relation of all you have discover'd this Night.

*Mal.* I'll do't; down with your Dust.

*Good.* What will not this Rakehell do to borrow Money? I knew him make Love to a Chamber-Maid till he had borrow'd Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

*Mal.* Well, *Frank Godville*, you may think as you please of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honest Fellow in my Heart:----You would have me deal freely with you, you say, in this Business?

*Good.* I would so, Sir, or I shall deal very roughly with you.

*Mal.*

*Mal.* And you lent me these five Guineas to that purpose?

*Good.* You are much in the right, Sir.

*Mal.* Then to make short of the Matter; thou art as arrant a poor silly Cuckold as one would wish to drink withal, and confound me if I shall not be ashamed of thy Company.

*Good.* Confounded Whore! ---- Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em.

*Mal.* Nay, nay, Man, since 'tis so, never be angry for the Matter. What a Pox, you thought to put the Mistress upon *Truman*! *Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* has been Pimp in the Business; and the Devil take me if I don't think my self the honestest Fellow amongst you.

*Vic.* Now, Sir, consider what a wretched thing you made me.

*Good.* No more; I'm thine, and here I seal my Heart to thee for ever.

*Mal.* Well, *Frank*, can I serve thee any further in this Business?

*Good.* That, Sir, is as time shall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my Purpose, I know you are a Rascal not to be trusted: Therefore observe it, if you offer to stir beyond the Limits I set you, at that very instant I'll murder you.

*Mal.* Pr'ythee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering. I hope you take me Sir (under the Rose) for no Fool: And what a Pox do you think to make of me?

*Good.* A Spaniel to hunt and set the Game I mean to take: O! *Mal'agene*, there will be Mischiefe, *Mal'agene*, and new ripe fresh scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lov'st, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

*Mal.* I faith, and so I do with all my Heart: But *Frank*, I don't know how this Business will be brought about well: I have promis'd to meet two or three  
hearty



heartly old Souls to morrow at Dinner, to swear and drink, and talk Baudy and Treason together for an Hour or two ; they are all Atheists, and very honest Fellows.

*Good.* O Sir, you may be hang'd in good time : But for this present occasion I must use you : *Victoria*, do you with all your utmost Art dissemble but the least Knowledge of what has happen'd to Night : And Sir, do you keep still that lying sneering ugly merry Face which you always wear when you design Mischief : I'll pretend this Morning to pursue my Design of going into the Country ; then when they are in the height of thir Pleasures and Assurance of their Safety, return and surprize 'em.

*Vict.* But do you believe, Sir, that you can utterly abandon all Sense of your past Love and Tenderneſs for a Woman who has been so dear to you ? You will be apt to relapse again.

*Good.* I will sooner return to my Vomit : I am rather glad of the Occasion to be rid of so troublesom uneasy a burden : A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs loose and awkwardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

*Vict.* But can you then resolve to quit and disown her for ever ?

*Good.* For ever, my *Victoria* !---No more, but straight go to thy Chamber, and wait for the happy Issue,----You Sir keep close to me. Quit her ! as chearfully as I would a Shoe that wrings me. Then how loosely shall I move,

*Free and unbounded taste the Sweets of Life!  
Love where I please, and know no more the Strife  
That's bred by that d.mestick Plague call'd Wife.*

[Exeunt.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Victoria's Chamber.*

*Enter Victoria.*

*Vict.* NOW I am satisfy'd I must be wretched! Oh Love! Unhappy Womens Curse, and Mens slight Game to pass their idle time at; I find too in my self the common Companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile's* Wife ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that false perjur'd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play false with him, make my self privy to his whole Design of surprizing *Truman* and his Wife together: Then like a true Mistress betray his Counsels to her, that she like a true Wife may spite of his Teeth deceive him quite, and so I have the pleasure of seeing him a seal'd stigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold, 'twill at least be some ease to me. Here he comes equipp'd and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

*Enter Goodvile and Boy.*

*Good.* Go bid the Coachman hasten, and get all things ready; I am uneasy till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

*The Wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Day,*

*Before the Whe'ls of Phoebus, all about*

*Dapples the drowsy East with Spots of Gray.*

Wife! adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already? so diligent to wish me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy Shape, and with such Softness smile and direct me.

*Vict.* *As those whom Will with Wisp bewitches*

*Thro' Fogs, thro' Hedges, and thro' Ditches.*

*Good.* No, thou hast led me out of the crooked froward Road of Matrimony. into the pleasant easy Path

Path of Love, where I can never lose my way, and must be always happy. But where's *Malagene*?

*Vic.* Below with Sir Noble. Whilst the Butler was asleep, they stole the Key from him : And there they are with the fat red-fat'd Fidler that plays upon the Bass, sitting cross-leg'd upon the Floor, stripp'd to their Shirts, and drinking Baudy Healths.

*Good.* That fulsom Rogue will ruin all our Business. See here what I have discover'd ; just now in the private Corner of a Window, (a place I suppose appointed for the purpose) I found this Billet to my sweet Wife.

*Reads.* *If Goodvile goes out of Town this Morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet.* Truman.

Now if I am not a Cuckold, let any honest Wittal judge, ha, ha, ha. How it pleases me ! Blood ! Fire ! and Daggers !

*Vic.* But, Sir, what do you resolve on ?

*Good.* As I told thee, instantly to pretend a Journey out of Town, and return and surprize 'em ; for I am sure they'll not be long asunder when I am out of the way : Oh ! this Billet is a very honest Billet, and I know won't lye. But why should I spend my time in talking of what but vexes me, when Pleasures are so near me ? Come my *Victoria*, take me to thy Arms, a Moment's Joy with thee would sweeten Years of Cares. The Devil---

*Enter Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice.*

*Mrs. Good.* Good Morning to you, Sir.

*Good.* Good Night to you, Madam.

*Mrs. Good.* How so, Sir ?

*Good.* Why good Night, or good Morrow 'tis all one ; Ceremony is the least thing I take care of : You see I am busy.

*Mrs. Good.* I must confess, considering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis something rude in me to inter-

rupts

rupt you; but I hope when you know my Intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil Leave of you: I find you are preparing for the Country, Sir.

*Good.* Ay! a little Air will be very seasonable at present, Madam; I shall grow rank else, and all the Company I keep will smell me out.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh! what Joy will fill each neighbouring Village, to hear our Landlord's Honour's coming down. The Bells shall jangle out of Tune all Day; and at Night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the Name of the whole Parish to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himself the next Lord's Day to Dinner.

*Good.* I am glad to see you so pleasant, Madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Then the next Morning our Tenant's dainty Daughter is sent with a Present of Pippins of the largest Size, cull'd by the good old Drudge her Mother, which she delivers with a Curt'fy, and blushes in expectation of what his Worship will bestow upon her.

*Good.* Oh Madam, let not any Thoughts of that nature disturb you; I shall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only please my self when I am there sometimes to contemplate your Ladyship's Picture in the Gallery.

*Mrs. Good.* Then come the Country Squires, and their Dogs, the cleaner sort of Creatures of the two: Straight we're invited to the noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Forest's safe.

*Good.* No Madam: No horned Beast shall suffer for my Pleasure: I am lately grown a Philosopher, Madam, and find, we ought not to hurt our Fellow Creatures.

*Mrs. Good.* What is the Reason that you use me thus?

*Good.* What is't I would not do to purchase Quietness? Your injurious Suspicions of me were intolerable, but the Wrongs your Jealousy has done *Victoria*—

*Mrs. Good.* I jealous of *Victoria*! No. Tho' my Passion  
last

last Night made me extravagant, when I discover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamish*, which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her : For I am confident it was your first Transgression.

*Good.* Very quaint and pretty.

*Mrs. Good.* Yet I am too well satisfy'd of *Victoria's* Virtue, for she's my Friend ; and tho' I shou'd see her in your Arms, I cou'd not harbour such a Thought. No, *Victoria*, you must love me, and I'll love you ; you shall call me your Love, and I'll call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together ; and when Mr. *Good-wile's* out of Town, we'll lie together.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir the Coach is ready.

*Good.* You think, Madam, you have a fine easy Fool to play withal, but the Gayness of your Face is too thin to hide the Rancour of your Heart ; and so my dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this Minute to look on you.

*Mrs. Good.* Are you then inexorable ? Relentless, cruel Man !

*Good.* Good easy melting kind-hearted Woman, farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Good.* Ah wretched me !

*Lct.* My Lady swoons. Dear Madam *Victoria*, hasten and bring my Master back again ; you can do any thing with him.

[*Ex. Victoria.*

*Mrs. Good.* No, no, *Lettice* ! Let him alone, art thou sure he's gone ?

*Lct.* I hope so, Madam.

*Mrs. Good.* Then so soon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be sure you go your self to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing else to do he may come hither to Day.

*Enter Victoria.*

*Vict.* There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his House is infected, and that no Man that values his Health will stay in it. My Lady *Squeamish*



too is arriv'd just as he left the Door; I am sure she'll come in; will you see her, Madam?

Mrs. Good. Oh I am sick at the very Name of her; Let all the Doors be barr'd against her, and Gunpowder under each Threshold-place, ready to blow her up, if she but offer an Entrance. *Letrice*, lend me your Hand a little: I'll to my Chamber instantly: Oh my Head!

[*Ex. with Let.*]

*Vict.* This Management of hers so charms me, that I can almost forget all the Mischief she has done me: 'tis true she reproach'd me, but 'twas done so handsomly, that I doubly deserv'd it to have taken notice of it.

*Enter Lady Squeamish.*

L. Squeam. Oh, dear *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am lost and undone for ever: Oh I shall die, I shall die! the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is false to me.

*Vict.* What ails your Ladyship? Surely she's distracted.

L. Squeam. Oh *Goodvile*, *Goodvile*! the false, cruel, remorseless *Goodvile*! I came just as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not speak to me, would hardly see me, but away he drove, and smiling mock'd my Sorrows.

*Vict.* Alas! her Ladyship is passionate, as I live very passionate.

[*Aside.*]

L. Squeam. So *Theseus* left the wretched *Ariadne* on Shore; so fled the false *Aeneas* from his *Dido*.

*Vict.* What could! you expect less of him, Madam! Falshood is his Province: Your Ladyship should have made choice of a civil, sober, discreet Person; but *Goodvile* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

L. Squeam. That has been my Ruin; it was therefore I adore him: What Woman would doat on a dull melancholy Ass, because she might be sure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the Joy of my Soul. Oh how I doat on a Spark! I could live and

and die with a Spark. *Victoria*, I make you a Confident, and you must pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvile*: Come, come, I know all.

*Vict.* Your Ladyship knows more than all the World besides.

*L. Squeam.* And as I was saying, A Spark is the dearest thing to me in the World; I have had Acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well; one of 'em that you know was a sweet Person; Oh he danc'd, and sung, and dress'd to a Miracle, and then he spoke *French* as if he had been bred all his Life-time at *Paris*, and admir'd every thing that was *French*: Besides, he would look so languishingly, and lisp so prettily when he talk'd; and then never wanted Discourse: I'll swear he has entertain'd me two Hours together with the Description of an Equipage.

*Vict.* That must needs be very charming.

*L. Squeam.* But Mr. *Goodvile* has a Wit too: Oh I never had a Wit before, for to speak Truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little foolish I'll swear, ha, ha, ha!

[*Sir Noble and Mal. at the Door drunk.*]

*Mal.* Scour, scour, scour.

*Clum.* Down goes the Main-mast, down, down, [They enter.] *Malagene*, roar, roar, and ravish, here are Punks in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant, first-rate Punks, you Rogue.

*Vict.* How came these Russians here?

*Clum.* Russians! do you know who you talk to, Madam? I am a civil, sober, discreet Person, and come particularly to embrace thy lovely Body.

*Mal.* Look you, Madam, make no Noise about this Matter. This is a Person of Quality and a Friend of mine, therefore pray be civil.

*L. Squeam.* Has Mr. *Goodvile* left no Footmen at home to cudgel such Fops? Foh ——— how like drunken Journey-men Taylors they look?

*Mal.* Journey-men, Madam! hold there! none of your

your Ladyship's Journey-men, that's one Comfort! Woe to the poor Devil that is, I say.

*L. Squeam.* Were Mr. Goodvile at home you durst not talk thus, you scandalous Fellow.

*Mal. Goodvile,* say you — hark you, my Dear, were he here in Person, I would first of all decently kick him out of Doors, then turn up thy Keel and discover here to thy Kinsman what a leaky Vessel thou art.

*Clum.* Why, what is that Goodvile? will he wrestle? or will he box for Fifty Pound? Look you, this Fellow is my Pimp. 'Tis true, his Countenance is none of the best: But he's a neat Lad, and keeps good Company.

*Mal.* Hark you, Knight; you'll bear me out in this Business, Knight: For under the Rose, I have Apprehension, that this Carcase of mine may suffer else.

*Clum.* No more of that Rogue! no more. Take notice, good People, this civil Person shall marry my Sister; she is a pretty hopeful Lady — Truly she is not full thirteen! — but she has had two Children already, Odd's heart.

*Val.* Ridiculous Oaf!

*Clum.* Come, let us talk Baudy,

*Vic.* I'll call those shall talk with you presently.

[Exit Vic.]

*Clum.* Wheugh — she's gone.

*L. Squeam.* Beast! Brute! Barbarian! Sot!

*Clum.* Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be —

[Runs against her, and almost beats her backward.]

*L. Squeam.* Oh help! I am murder'd! O my Head!

*Clum.* Nay, Lady, that was no Fault of mine: You shall see I'll keep my distance, and, (as I was saying) if I have offended —

[Reels against a Table and throws down a China Jar, and several little China Dishes.]

*L. Squeam.*

*L. Squeam.* O insufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghil.

*Clum.* Look you, Madam, no Harm! no Harm! you shall see me behave my self notably yet --- as for Example --- suppose now --- suppose this Door.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

Very well; thus then I move. ---

[*Steps forward and leaves his Peruke on one of the Hinges.*]

Ha, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

*Enter Servants.*

*1 Serv.* Such as we are, Sir, you shall find us at your Service.

*Clum.* Murder, Murder, Murder! ---

*Mal.* Where there is such Odds, a Man may with Honour retire and steal off. [*Exit Mal.*]

*Enter Caper and Saunter.*

*Caper.* Where is this Rascal? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither, Sir, to affront Ladies and Persons of Quality?

*Clum.* Sir, your humble Servant: did you see my Periwig?

*Caper.* Sir, you are an Ass; and never wore Periwig in your Life: I ernic, what a Bush of Briars and Thorns is here? The Mane of my Lady *Squeamish's* Shock is a Chedreux to it.

*Clum.* Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honest Fellow and a Barber, and one that lov'd Musick and Poetry.

*Saun.* How, Sir!

*Caper.* But, Sir, come close to the Business: How durst you treat Ladies so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer to that, and tell not us of Musick and Poetry.

*Clum.* Why, he had all *Westminster* Drollery and *Oxford* Jest at his Fingers Ends. And for the Cittern, if every *Troy Town* were a Tune, he master'd it upon that Instrument, when he was our Butler in the Country:

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Country: An old Maid of my Grandmother's took great Delight in him for it.

Saun. But, Sir, this is nothing to our Business.

Clum. Business! hang Business! I hate a Man of Business: If you'll drink or whore, break Windows or commit Murder, I am for you.

Caper. Sir, will you fight?

Clum. Fight! with whom? for what?

Caper. With me.

Saun. With me.

Clum. Ay, Sir, with all my Heart; I love Fighting, Sir.

Saun. Ay, Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

Clum. Why, you sweet perfum'd Jessamine Knaves! you Rogues in Buckram! were there a Dozen of you I'd beat you out of your artificial Sweetness into your own natural Rankness. You Stinkards! shall I draw my *Cerberus* and cut you off, you gaudy Popinjays?

Caper. This Fellow's mad, *Saunter!* stark mad, by *Jerico*: Dear Knight, how long hast thou been in this Pickle? this Condition, Knight? hah?

Clum. What Pickle? what Condition, you Worms?

Saun. Ay, ay, 'tis so, the poor Devil must to *Bellam*: *Bedlam*, Knight, the Madman's Hospital.

Clum. What will become of you, then, you Vermin? There's never an Hospital for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many handsom Fellows in this Town might be provided for!

[*Fiddles play within.*]

Caper. Hey-day, Fiddles!

Saun. Madam *Goodvile* hearing we were here, hath sent for 'em on purpose to regale us.

*Enter Mrs. Goodvile, Lady Squeamish with the Fiddles playing, Saunter falls to sing the Tune with 'em, and Caper dances to it. Lettice.*

Mrs. Good. Let my Servants take care that all the Doors stand open: I'll have Entrance deny'd to no one Fool



Fool in Town. Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revels of the Day; I long to enjoy the Freedom I am Mistress of. *Letrice* try your Voice.

L. *Squeam*. Oh, Madam! this gallant Spirit ravishes me. Dear Mr. *Caper*, you and Mr. *Saunter* were born to be happy! Madam *Goodvile* has resolv'd to sacrifice this Day to Pleasure—— what shall we do with our selves?

*Caper*. Do, Madam! We'll dance for ever.

L. *Squeam*. Oh ay dance.

*Saun*. And sing.

L. *Squeam*. And sing.

*Both*. And love.

L. *Squeam*. Oh ay, love! but Madam *Goodvile*, have you resolv'd to wear the Willow, and be very melancholy--- ha, ha, ha--- Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my sight.

Mrs. *Good*. Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girls that sigh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Disease for Bankrupt Beauty: I have yet a Stock of Youth and Charms, unfully'd by the Hands of Age or Care.

*And while that lasts, what Woman would despair?*

Clum. In the mean time I'll scout out for a Doxy of my Acquaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let *Victoria* go hang and despair. [Sings.

*To love is a Pleasure divine,*

*Yet I'll never sigh nor be sad:*

*They are Coxcombs that languish and pine,*

*So long as Whores are to be had.-- To darrell, darold.*

L. *Squ am*. O secure that deform'd Monster, that Rebel of mine: Fellows, take care of him, and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him sensible of his Enormities.

Clum. Slaves, avaunt! if my Lady will have it so, I'll walk soberly into the Garden, and consider of what is past. *To love is a Pleasure, &c.* [Ex. Clum.

Mrs.

Mrs. Good. Lettice?

Let. Madam.

Mrs. Good. Is Mr. Truman come?

Let. He'll be here presently, Madam.

*Enter Page with a Letter.*

Page. A Letter for your Ladyship.

Mrs. Good. Who brought it?

Page. A Porter brought it to the Door, Madam: But said he had no Orders to stay for an Answer. [*Ex. Page.*]

Mrs. Good. A Woman's Hand.

Reads. *Mr. Goodvile's Journey out of Town is but a Pretence: He is jealous of you and Mr. Truman, you will find him anon return'd in hopes to surprize you together. Tho' he has trusted me with the Secret, and oblig'd me to assist him in it; yet I would endeavour by this Discovery to persuade you that I am your real Servant,* Victoria.

Postscript. *Beware of Malagene, for he's appointed the Spy to betray you.*

This is generously done, Victoria, and I'll study to deserve it of thee: Now if I plague not this wise jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curse me, and Cuckolds laugh at me! Fiddles, lead in! Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter, pray wait on my Lady, and entertain her a little; I'll follow you presently.

L. Squeam. Come, Mr. Caper, will you walk?

Caper. A Coranto, Madam?

L. Squeam. Ay, ten thousand, ten thousand, Mr. Saunter, I would be always near you two! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming Voice of yours! Come, let us walk and study which way to divert ourselves.

Caper. Allons! for Love and Pleasure: By these Hands —

Saun. By those Eyes —

L. Squeam. Oh no more! no more! I shall be lost in Happiness! [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Good. So, this Consort of Fools shall be the Chorus to my Farce; now all the Malice, Ill-Nature, Falshood

hood and Hypocrisy of my Sex inspire me! *Lettice*! see *Camilla* be sent for instantly, she shall join with me in my Reason; *Mr. Valentine*, I suppose will be here with *Mr. Truman*.

*Enter Mr. Truman.*

*Trum.* And think you, Madam, he durst not answer a fair Lady's Challenge without a Second?

*Mrs. Good.* You would pretend, I'll warrant you, to be very stout. You *Hectors* in Love are as arrant Cheats as *Hectors* in Fighting, that bluster, rant, and make a Noise for the present; but when they come to the Business, prove arrant Dastards, and good for nothing.

*Trum.* But, Madam, you should find I dare do something, would you but be civil and stand your Ground.

*Mrs. Good.* What think you tho' of a Cut-throat Husband now behind the Hangings? what would become of you then?

*Trum.* Whilst I have such Beauty on my Side, nothing can hurt me.

*Mrs. Good.* Then, Sir, prepare your self; *Mr. Godvile* is really jealous, and mistrusts all or more than has past between us. His Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, but we shall see him instantly in Expectation to catch us together.

*Trum.* Fear him not, Madam, these Moles that work under Ground are as blind as they are busy: Let him run on in his dull Jealousy, whilst we still find new Windings out, and lose him in the Maze.

*Mrs. Good.* Then if you wish to preserve me yours, join with me to-day in my Design, which is, if possible, to make him mad, and work him up to the Height of furious Suspicion, and at that Moment when he thinks his Jealousy most just, baffle him out of it: and let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant thing a Wife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

*Trum.* But, *Mr. Godvile*, Madam, has Wit, and so good an Opinion of it too —

*Mrs.*

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*Mrs. Good.* 'Tis that shall be his Ruin : Were he a Fool he were not worth the Trouble of deceiving.

*Trum.* Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and prosper. But what must be my Part?

*Mrs. Good.* To secure *Malagene*. That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodvile* chief Instrument in the Discovery : He has Cowardice enough, to sell his Soul to buy off a Beating : He never told Truth enough to be believed once so long as he lives. Get him but in your Power, and he shall own more Villainies than ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the Necessity of our Affair can invent to put upon him.

*Trum.* And I'll be sure of him, or may I never taste those Lips again, but be condemn'd to cast Mistresses in the Side-Box at the Play-house, or what is worse, take up with a Sempstress, and drudge for Cuffs and Cravats.

*Enter Malagene.*

*Mrs. Good.* Here he comes!

*Trum.* Oh Monsieur *Malagene*, welcome!

*Mal.* Jack *Truman*, your humble Servant.

*Trum.* Whither so fast, I beseech you, Sir! a Word with you, a Word with you.

*Mal.* Why, can I do any Thing for thee? Hast thou any Business for me? Prithee what is it?

*Trum.* Sir, you must lye for me.

*Mal.* Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

*Trum.* Nay, Sir you must.

*Mal.* Any Thing in a civil Way or so, *Jack*: but nothing upon Compulsion, Lad : Prithee, let me do nothing upon Compulsion, prithee now.

*Trum.* Then Sir, to be brief, this is the Business: *Goodvile* I hear has been inform'd by you of what pass'd in the Garden last Night; how durst you be so impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd?

*Mal.* Why look you *Jack*, Curiosity you know, and a natural Inclination which I have-----

E

*Trum.*

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*Trum.* To Pimping.

*Mal.* Confound me, *Jack*, thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well, Man--

*Trum.* What did you know?

*Mal.* Why I knew thee to be an arch Wag, and an honest Fellow: Ay Rogue, prithee kiss me: The Rogue's out of Humour.

*Trum.* No, Sir; I dare not use you so like a Friend, you must deserve it better first.

*Mal.* Look you *Jack*, the Truth of the Business is, I am bespoke: But the Love I have to see the Business go forward may persuade me to much.

*Trum.* Then presently resolve entirely to disown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave *Goodvil*, or promise to your self, that wherever next I meet you, I'll cut your Throat upon the Spot.

*Mal.* But hark you, *Jack*, how shall I come off with the Business? I shall be kick'd and us'd very scurvily: For the Truth is, I did tell--

*Trum.* What did you tell?

*Mal.* Why, I told him, you Knave. I won't tell, you little cunning Cur, I told him all, Man.

*Trum.* All Sir?

*Mal.* Ay, hang me like a Dog, all. But, Madam, you must pardon me, there was not a Word of it true.

*Trum.* And what do you think to do with your self?

*Mal.* Do? why I'll deny it all again, Man, every Word of it, as impudently as ever I at first affirmed it: May be he'll kick me, and beat me, and use me like a Dog, Man-- -That's nothing at all, Man. I do not value it this. [*Pulls out a Jew's Trump, and plays.*]

*Trum.* And this, Sir, you'll stand to.

*Mal.* If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Baudy-House Door: In the mean Time I'll retire and peruse a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of.

*Trum.* Nay, Sir, you are not to stir from me.

*En-*



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*Enter Lettice.*

*Lett.* Oh Madam, shift for your self. Madam *Victoria* sent me to tell you that my Master is return'd, and that he pretends to come a Masquerader.

*Mal.* Well, since it must be so, I'll deny all indeed: what an excellent Fellow might I have been? Some Men now with my Stock of Honesty, and a little more Gravity, would have made a Fortune. Well, I have been a lazy Rogue; and never knew till now that I was fit for Business.

*Mrs. Good.* Mr. *Goodvile* in Masquerade, say you?

*Lett.* Yes, Madam, and two Women with him; Madam, they are just now alighted.

*Mrs. Good.* Women with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. *Truman*, do you retire with *Mal'agene*. I'll stay here and receive this *Machiavel* in Disguise. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of Affectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Passions, pretended Love, pretended Jealousy, pretended Rage, and in sum the very Genius of my Sex to my Assistance.

*Enter Goodvile and others mask'd.*

So! here they come: Now this Throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there?

*Enter Servants.*

*Good.* Madam, you'll excuse this Freedom.

*Mrs. Good.* You oblige me by using it: Let all the Company know that these Noble Persons of Quality have honour'd me with their Presence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and see the Banquet prepar'd; and let Mr. *Truman* come to me instantly; I cannot live a Minute, a Moment without him.

*Good.* Delicate Devil!

*Mrs. Good.* Sir! let me beg your Patience for a Moment, whilst I go and put Things in order fit for your Reception. [Exit.

*Good.* Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have order'd be ready when I call for 'em. *Truman.*

I see, is a Man of punctual Assignment; and my Wife is a Person very adroit at these Matters: some hot-brain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats; but I am resolv'd to turn a civil, sober discreet Person, and hate Bloodshed: No, I'll manage the Matter so temperately, that I'll catch her in his very Arms, then civilly discard her, Bag and Baggage, whilst you my dainty Doxies take Possession of her Privileges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

1 *Wom.* And shall I keep my Coach, Mr. Goodvile?

*Good.* Ay and six, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou shalt every Morning swoop the Exchange in Triumph to see what gaudy Bauble thou canst first grow fond of: And after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twirling Fop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a Noise, hear no Play, and show himself: thou shalt, my *Eona Reba*.

2 *Wom.* But Mr. Goodvile, what shall I do then?

*Good.* Oh thou! thou shalt be my more peculiar Punk, my House-keeper, my necessary Sin: manage all the Affairs of my Estate and Family, ride up and down in my own Coach, attended by my own Footmen; nose my Wife where'er you meet, and if I had any, breed my Children. Oh, what a delicious Life will this be!

1 *Wom.* Hear you, Sir, the Fiddles? [*Fiddles without.*]

*Good.* Oh, the Procession's coming, put on your Vizors, and observe the Ceremony.

*Enter Truman, Mrs. Goodvile, Caper, Saunter, Lady Squeamish, Camilla, with Fiddle; a Letter.*

*Mrs. Good.* Mr. Caper, Mr. Saunter, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company; command me any thing, command my House; that and all Freedom are yours.

*Caper.* Masques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happiness! Sir, your humble Servant: by your Leave, Madam, shall you and I touse and tumble together in

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in the Drawing-Room hard by for half an Hour or so? ha?

[*Cuts.*

*Saun.* Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah Madam, what do you wear a Masque for? Have you never a Nose, or but one Eye? Let me see how you are furnish'd.

*2 Wem.* Sir; if I want any thing, 'tis to be doubted you cannot supply me.

*Good.* So; sure this must come to something anon.

*Mrs. Good.* Ah, were but Mr. *Goodvile* here now, what a happy Day might this be! but he is melancholy and forlorn in the Country, summoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that shining Pelf that must support me in my Pleasures.

*Good.* Is he then, Madam, so kind a Husband?

*Mrs. Good.* Oh, the most indulgent Creature in the World! what Husband but he, Mr. *Truman*, would have so seasonably withdrawn, and left me Mistress of such Freedom? To spend my Days in Triumph as I do, to sacrifice my self, my Soul, and all my Sense to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

*Cam.* Heav'ns, Madam, you'll provoke him beyond all Patience.

*Mrs. Good.* Who, Mr. *Goodvile*? which Way shall it reach his Knowledge? no, we'll be as secret——

*Trum.* As we are happy. So subtly lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himself and *Malagene* to boot, well hild to the Business, shall ne'er discover us.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh discover us! a Husband discover us! Were he indeed as jealous as he has Reason, I could no more apprehend Discovery than a Kindness from him.

*Good.* This Impudence is so rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you so, Madam? [He unmaskes.

*Mrs. Good.* Oh a Ghost! a Ghost! save me, save me. Mr. *Truman*, see, see Mr. *Goodvile*'s Spirit: Sure some base Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghost is come to revenge it on me.

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*Good.* No, Madam, fear nothing, I am a very harmless Goblin, tho' you are a little shock'd at the Sight of me.

*Caper.* Ha, ha, ha. *Goodvile* return'd? Dear *Frank*.

*Saun.* Honest *Goodvile*, thou seest, dear Soul, we are free here in thy Absence.

*Good.* I see you are, Gentlemen, and shall take an Opportunity to return the Favour. Footmen, be ready.

*Mrs. Good.* But is it really Mr. *Goodvile* then? let me receive him to my Arms; welcome ten thousand, thousand, thousand Times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

*Good.* Oh Madam, it look'd so very charmingly, that I had no Power to stay longer from the dear loving Original.

*Mrs. Good.* So now begins the Battle.

*Good.* Well Madam, and for your Set of Fools here; to what End and Purpose have you decreed them in this new Model of your Family? I hope you have not designed 'em for your own Use.

*Mrs. Good.* Why Sir, methinks you should not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to pass away the Time withal, since you had taken your dearer Conversation from me.

*Good.* No, Madam, I understand your Diet better: A Fool is too squab and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: You are for a substantial Dish, a Man of Heat and Honour, such as Mr. *Truman* I know is, and I doubt not will do me Reason.

*Trum.* Ay, Sir, whenever you'll demand it.

*Mrs. Good.* Nay Sirs, no quarrelling I beseech you; what would you be at, Sir?

*Good.* At rest, Madam; like an honest Snail shrink up my Horns into my Shell, and if possible hold a quiet Possession of it.

*Mrs. Good.* I hope I have done nothing that may disturb your Quiet, Sir.

*Good.* Nothing Madam, nothing in the least; how is it possible that any thing should disturb me? a Sot, a Beetle,

Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a mere Utensil, a Block for you to fashion all your Falshood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my Office, and never be disturb'd,  
I ———

*Mrs. Good.* So, now your Heart is opening; and for your Ease I'll give it a little Vent my self: You are jealous! alas! jealous of *Truman*, are you?

*Good.* And have I no Reason, Madam, tho' I come and catch you in his Arms, rolling and throwing your wanton Eyes like Fireballs at his Heart? Oh, what an indulgent Creature's Mr. *Goodvile*! so seasonably to withdraw, and leave you Mistress of such Freedom: To spend your Days in Triumph as you do, to sacrifice your self, your Soul, and Sense to him, the Lord of all your Joys, your Conqueror and Protector.

*Mrs. Good.* I am glad to find my Plot so well succeed: I knew of your Jealousy last Night, knew too your Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, in hope to return and surprize me with *Truman*. I was inform'd too of your Return but now, and your Disguise; I knew you thro' it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondness to *Truman* before your Face. It was all the Revenge I had within my Power.

*Good.* Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden last Night? were you not there so openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might see?

*Mrs. Good.* What Fool? What Villain have you, dares accuse me?

*Good.* One, who, tho' he rarely told Truth before, will be sure to do it now; *Malagene*, your Kinsman *Malagene*, a hopeful Branch of your own Stock.

*Trum.* The Rascal dares not own it.

*Good.* But he shall, Sir, tho' you protect him.

*Trum.* 'Twas basely done to set a Spy upon your Friend, after the Trick you had play'd me with *Victoria*.

*Good.* Basely done!

*Trum.* Yes, basely, Sir.

*Good.* Death, you lye, Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side?  
*Caper.*



*Caper.* Nay, look you *Frank*; you had better be patient. Here shall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* What, again quarrelling? *Goodvile*, this must not be. *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage shall make you Satisfaction.

*Saun.* Ay, ay, prithee Man, take some other Tim', and don't quarrel now and spoil good Company.

*Good.* Death! you dancing, talking, mettled, frisking Rogues, stand off! Oh I had forgot----- Footmen, where are ye?

*Enter Footmen.*

Her', take away these Butterflies, and do speedy Execution upon 'em as I order'd; do it instantly.

*[They seize them.]*

*Caper.* Nay *Frank*! what's all this for?

*Saun.* Nay, *Goodvile*, prithee now, as I hope to live.

*Enter Malagene.*

*Good.* Away with 'em--- *[Ex. with Caper and Saunter.]* Now for *Malagene*.---- Oh, here he comes, Madam, who will refresh your Memory: speak sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you see together in the Garden last Night?

*Mal.* Ha! ----no Body.

*Good.* Were not *Truman* and my Wife there, to your Knowledge, privately?

*Mal.* Ha, ha, ha-----Child! no.

*Good.* Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whispering in the Grotto together?

*Mal.* No.

*Good.* Hell and Devils! this Fellow has been tamper'd withal, and instructed to abuse me. This is all Contrivance, a study'd Scene to fool me of my Reason.

*Enter Footmen.*

Here, take him hence and harness him with the other two, till he confess the Truth.

*Mrs. Good.* He shall not go, touch him who dares.  
Must

Must People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuse me falsely ? Ah Mr. *Goodvile*, how have I deserved this at your Hands ? Let not my good Name be ravish'd from me : If you have resolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out out of pain---- [Mal. runs away.

*Good.* Nay Madam, here is that shall yet convince--- see here a Letter from your Lover left for you in a private Corner; hear me, read it. And if you have Modesty enough left, blush.

*Reads.* If *Goodvile* goes out of Town this Morning, let me know of it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the rest of my Heart. For you do not know how much I love you yet. *Truman.*

*Mrs. Good.* Death and Destruction ! it was all my own Contrivance : madd'd with your Jealousy, I sought all Ways to vex you, I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and left it in a Place where you might be sure to find it. To convince you farther, see here a Caution sent me just before by one whom you have trusted and loved too much for my Quiet : Peruse it, and when you have done, consider how you have us'd me, and how I have deserv'd it. Oh !  
[Gives *Victoria's* Letter.

*Good.* *Reads.* Journey out of Town--- is a Pretence --- return and surprize-----believe by this Discovery-----Your Servant, *Victoria.*

*Victoria,* has she betray'd me ? nay then, I pronounce there is no Trust nor Faith in the Sex. By Heav'n in every Condition there are Jilts, all false from the Baud to the Babe.

*Mrs. Good.* Now Sir, I hope I may withdraw ; from this Minute never expect I'll see your Face again : No, I'll leave you to be happy at your own Choice. Love where you please, and be as free if I ne'er had

had had Relation to you. I shall take care to trouble you no more, but wish you may be happier than ever yet I made you.

*Good.* Stay, Madam.

*Mrs. Good.* No, Sir, I'll be gone ; I will not stay a Moment longer ; inhuman, cruel, false Traitor ! Wert thou now languishing on thy Knees, prostrate at my Feet, ready to grow mad with thy own Guilt, I would not stop nor turn my Face to save thee from Despair.

*Good.* You shall.

*Mrs. Good.* For what ?

*Good.* To let the World see how much a Fool I can be. Art thou innocent ?

*Mrs. Good.* By my Love I am ; I never wrong'd you ; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet. What Mouth will not be full of my Dishonour ? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me, when they'd upbraid Mankind for Baseness : Oh, that I could dissemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment persuade you still all your Jealousies were just, and I as infamous as you are cruel. [*Exit in a Rage.*]

*Good.* Get thee in then, and talk to me no more ; there's something in thy Face will make a Fool of me, and there's a Devil in this Business, which yet I cannot discover. *Truman*, if thou hast enjoy'd her, I beg thee keep it close, and if it be possible let us yet be your Friends.

*Trum.* 'Tis not my Fault if we be Foes.

*Good.* But now to my Fools ; bring 'em forth, and let us see how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh dear *Valentine* ! how does the fair *Camilla* ?

*Val.* Faith Sir, she and I have been dispatching a trifling Affair this Morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

*Good.* Marry'd ! nay, then there is some Comfort yet, that you are fallen into the Snare---*Valentine* ! look to her, keep her as secret as thou would'st a Murder hadst thou committed one : Trust her not with thy dearest

dearest Friend; she has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

*Enter Caper and Saunter, their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools-Caps on their Heads. Caper with one Leg ty'd up, and Saunter gagg'd.*

See here these Rogues how like themselves they look. Now, you paltry Vermin, you Rats that run squeaking from House to House, up and down the Town, that no Man can eat his Bread in quiet for you: Take warning of what you feel, and come not near these Doors again on Peril of Hanging. Here, discharge them of their Punishment, and see 'em forth the Gates.

*Enter Lady Squeamish, Sir Noble Clumsey, and Victoria.*

*L. Squeam.* Oh Gallants, your humble Servant. Dear Mr. Goodville, be pleased to give my Kinsman, Sir Noble, Joy: He has done himself the Honour to marry your Cousin *Victoria*, whom now I must be proud to call my Relation, since she has accepted of the Title of my Lady *Clumsey*.

*Clum.* Ay, Sir, I am marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night, as simple as I stand here.

*Good.* Sir Noble marry'd to *Victoria* too! nay then, in spite of Misfortunes —

*This Day shall be a Day of Jubilee. But first,*

*Good People all that my sad Fortune see,*

*I beg you to take Warning here by me;*

*Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny.*

*Especially you gay young marry'd Blades,*

*Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Masquerades.*

[Exeunt Omnes.



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *BARREY*.

**W**ELL, Sirs, if now my Spouse and I should part,  
To which kind Critick shall I give my Heart?  
Stay, let me look, not one in all the Place  
But has a scurvy froward damning Face.  
Have you resolv'd then on the Poet's Fall?  
Go ye ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.  
The marry'd Sparks, I know, this Play will curse  
For the Wife's Sake; but some of 'em have worse.  
Poets themselves their own ill Luck have wrought,  
You ne'er had learnt, had not their Quarrels taught.  
But as in the Disturbance of a State,  
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:  
So when the Poets first had jarring Fits,  
You all set up for Criticks, and for Wits:  
Then straight there came, which cost your Mothers Pains,  
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your Brains:  
Libels, like spurious Brats, ran up and down,  
Which their dull Parents were asham'd to own;  
But vented 'em in others Names, like Whores  
That lay their Bastards down at honest Doors,  
For Shame leave off this higling way of Wit,  
Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit.  
Let Poets live in Peace, in Quiet write,  
Else may they all to punish you unite;  
Join in one Force to study to abuse ye,  
And teach your Wives and Misses how to use ye.

F



S.



